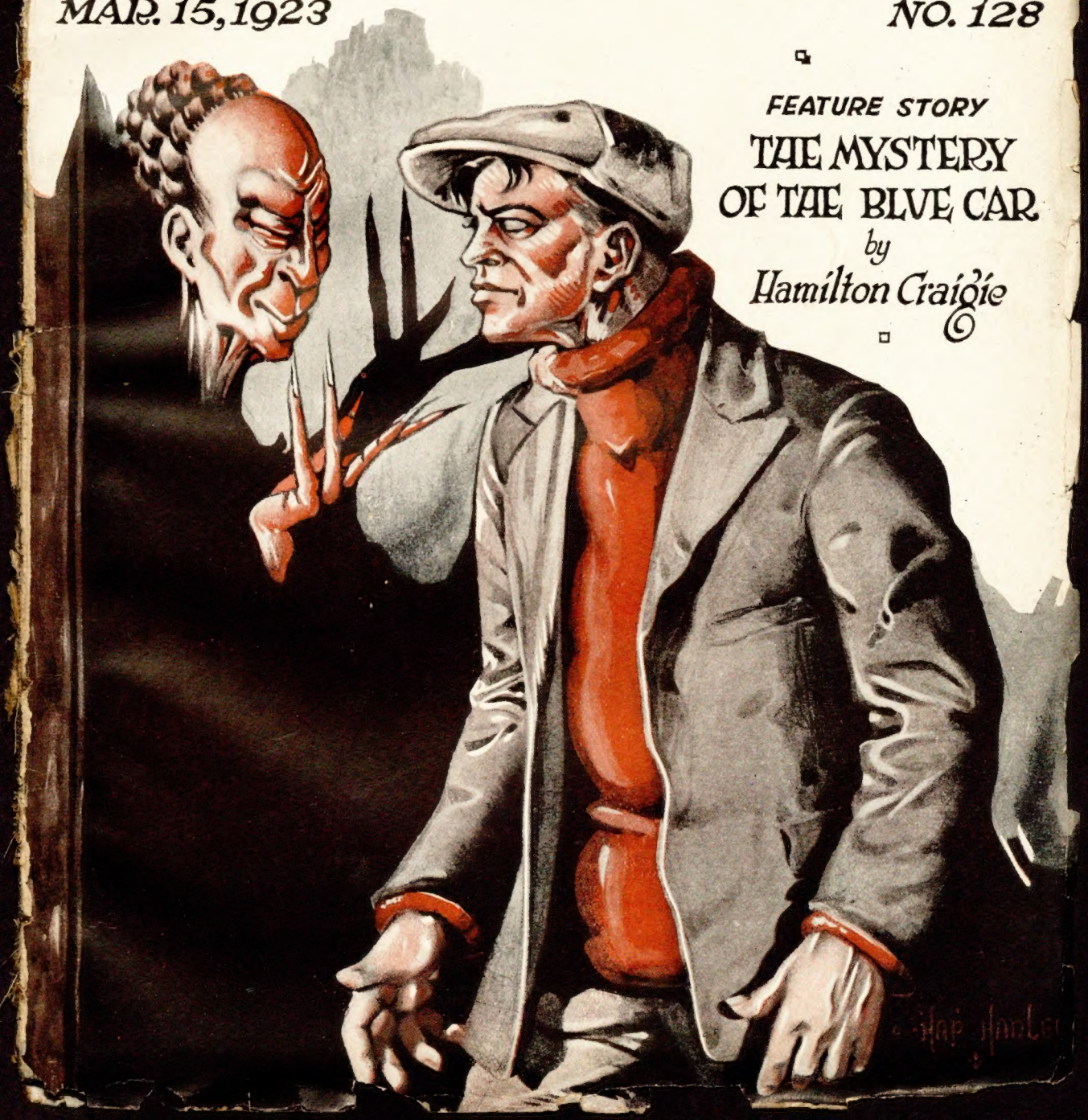
10¢

DETECTIVE STORIES

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

MAR. 15, 1923 NO. 128



FEATURE STORY

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE CAR

by

Hamilton Craigie

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Vol. V MARCH 15, 1923 No. 128

ISSUED TWICE A MONTH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEATURE STORY

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE CAR. By Hamilton Craigie 3

SERIAL STORY

THE WEB OF EVIDENCE—PART II. By D. L. Radway 43

SHORT STORIES

THE TORN CHECK. By Katherine Stagg 18
STORIES IN CRIME DETECTION. By Carl H. Getz 24
THE MIND READER. By Frederick C. Davis 27
EXPOSING THE MERTON CASE. By Edgar Daniel Kramer 37
LAST OF THE GANGSTERS. By Captain John O'Brien 52

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES

INNOCENT PERSONS MERELY "OUT OF LUCK" 17
A GREAT DETECTIVE 35
POST-OFFICE DETECTIVES 36
AN EXPERT CRIMINOLOGIST 41
CRIMINALS TELL ALL IN "TWILIGHT SLEEP" 50
TO WEIGH THE HUMAN SOUL 51
USED WOODEN LEG TO ROB 56
A SMUGGLER'S MUSEUM 57
STRANGE SYSTEM OF PRISON SIGNS 58
TELLS OF SPIRIT GOING 59

Copyright, 1923, by Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d St., New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter November 5, 1917, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published by Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d St., New York.

Harry E. Wolff, President; L. F. Wilzin, Treasurer; Charles E. Nylander, Secretary.

LU. SENARENS, Editor.

Notice.—No letters will be answered or manuscripts returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage. The publishers disclaim responsibility for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Authors to save time will please name price desired for submitted material.

Subscription Price: Domestic, Single Copy, 10 Cents; Domestic, Yearly, $2.50; Canada, $2.75; Foreign, $3.00.

All remittances should be sent by express money order, P. O. order, check, registered letter, or draft to insure safety. We will not be responsible for money sent otherwise.

Our Next Number

WE recently told our readers that we have a number of splendid stories and interesting articles for the coming issues of this magazine. The next feature story to appear in No. 129, out April 1st, is one of them. The title is "The Detective and the Law," and it was written by Frederick F. Shuey, an author whose work is bound to interest the most exacting reader. The story is one of the gripping kind that rivets your interest from beginning to end. The opening chapters of a new short serial will be issued under the title "The Mystery Man," by Joe Burke, a writer who thoroughly understands detective methods and how to weave them into a fascinating narrative. This serial will run in two parts.

Among the special articles is an excellent one by Harold F. Podhaski called "How the Bogus Check Writers Work." It contains an exposure of one of the cleverest swindles known to the police. There will be the usual assortment of short stories. Among them is a sketch of detective facts, treated in a semi-fiction manner, by Carl H. Getz, a detective story by Jack J. Gottlieb entitled "Small Feet," a fine mystery story by Hamilton Craigie, "The Tocsin at Twelve," and several more by some of the best authors of detective fiction. We will also have a number of very interesting odd articles equally as good as the ones in this edition. Every energy and effort is being exerted to keep improving this publication, as we want our readers to get the very best value for their money.

As this number of "Mystery Magazine" goes to press before we can get all the replies to our Cash Prize Contest we will have to postpone printing the names of the winners. They will appear in our next number.

THE EDITOR.

The Mystery of the Blue Car

by Hamilton Craigie

CHAPTER ONE

TWO men in civilian clothes walked from the shadow of an alley near West Eighth street and turned their steps eastward to Sixth avenue.

At the mouth of the alley a uniformed patrolman, his brass buttons winking in the late afternoon sun, gave them respectful salutation, turning northward along his beat as the two men went on. Both of the men had noticed a great blue car swing silently around the corner, like a sliding ghost, throttled down to a low, even purring. The driver, cap pulled low, was bending over his wheel. Behind him the dark, foreign faces of his passengers were turned with swift, savage anticipation upon the two figures just ahead.

There was a quiet restaurant a half-block farther on; the two men halted at the entrance.

"You know this place, chief," the taller of the two said abruptly. "The guy who wrote us that we'd find the big crook here was a faker. He said he'd meet us here, but I tell you straight I have my doubts. Looks like a plant, chief, if you ask me. Remember, while we are watching the crooks of this city, they are constantly watching us."

The gray December day was closing in with a promise of snow. The thick-set, blocky man shivered slightly as with a chill.

"Some one's walking over my grave, son," he said with a forced lightness. Then: "Well, no matter, we'll take the chance; that's what the police department pays us for, isn't it?"

He gave a short, mirthless laugh.

"These rats—bah!" he said again, his grizzled eyebrows frowning over narrowed lids. "They're slick, maybe, but we'll get the man higher up or lower down like *that!*"

He opened and closed one huge, freckled fist, turning into the restaurant entrance, his companion following. As the doors clanged shut behind them the blue car, idling slowly along the curb, abruptly vanished. There was a Mews just at hand leading to a service alley and the rear entrance of the restaurant. The blue car, halting in the shadow of a warehouse just across, its engine just turning over with its low, scarse audible purr, was empty now save for the driver at the wheel, bent forward as if half asleep. His dark-featured passengers had vanished.

Inside the restaurant a hard-faced waiter had seated the two men, visibly impressed by their appearance. They talked softly together now, their voices just a whisper

above the subdued murmur of the quiet room, their glances hawk-like beneath lowered lids.

They had come in quietly, big men both, hard-featured, walking with the peculiar springy litheness which denotes condition, training. But there was a power and a force about them which they could not conceal. The waiter, grim-visaged, with a straight gash for a mouth and a squirming, cold eye, served them in silence and deference. He was accustomed to reading men, and these strangers doubtless impressed him, not because they were big, hard-muscled, but because of the power and the force which was apparent in their very quiet, the low-voiced orders, the hard, appraising eyes.

The waiter himself was not of the common run of men; he was something more. The cauliflower ear, for one thing, would have told you that, and there was in his face a curious, dead-white pallor—the pallor that comes to a man who has been a long time in jail.

The restaurant by day was quiet, respectable enough; by night it was a different sort of place altogether. The two men at the table knew this. They had come there for several reasons: they would not be known there, save by chance; they could talk without fear of interruption; they were to meet a certain individual who might have a story of crime for them, if he could be induced to tell it.

It was not without its element of risk, of course; but that was all in the day's work, and the night's, too, for that matter. But if the two officers had been able to penetrate beneath the waiter's mask-like visage it might have given them food for thought. For one thing, the sleeves of his black alpaca coat seemed rather too long; the coat hung on him, big as he was, as if it had been made for some one else. For the waiter had something up his sleeve, and it was neither gun nor knife, but something more significant; something that, if the two at the table had known of it, would have set them like hounds upon a scent grown old now these many months.

The elder of the two men, the blocky, grizzled man with the close-clipped, gray mustache, was speaking in a low, rumbling murmur:

"I tell you, I believe our theory, Greg," he was saying. "It's one big organization with headquarters either here or, say, in Paris. And there's one directing mind, same as in any organization. Remember that story in the news the other day about the arrest of that Paris banker? Sure! Well, I've got a hunch, and I'm willing to gamble on it that this banker is only a lieutenant; there's still a man higher up in this country."

"Or lower down, chief," interrupted his companion quietly. "The public has been led to believe that a society of crooks here is all bunk; have you noticed that? You might almost say that it's a kind of propaganda, existing only in the imaginations of fiction writers, and all that. But, personally, I'm convinced that it's more than just imagination, a big criminal trust; how big, nobody can have any idea!"

Inspector Haggerty leaned closer.

"I believe you're right, Greg," he declared to the detective; "the case you've just finished points to it. And remember 'Hell's Hinges'? 'The House of the Cistern?' The man higher up—we thought we had him then—ha? But he was only one step up—or down, as you said just now, Greg; and now we come to this mysterious 'AA1.'"

He paused, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. The waiter, the dinner cleared away, hovered in the background, his face a white, glimmering oval out of the shadows. At this hour of the day—three in the afternoon—there were no other patrons in the place; outside the street noises seemed fading.

Detective Sergeant Gregory Vinson observed his chief under narrowed lids.

"Um! Yes, inspector," he answered. "I know. And just when we thought we had the chief crook, we didn't!" He grinned without mirth. "We have his number, anyway, if that's going to do us any good, and we wouldn't have discovered that except by accident."

The case referred to by Haggerty had been at once the most baffling and the most mysterious in the history of the department.

A man had been picked up in a raid on a certain hang-out—a snowbird, a "cokie." He was pretty far gone, but he signified that he had a story to tell; revenge, he made it plain, and only because he was dying. And there, in broad daylight, with a stenographer to take his deposition in a private hospital ward three stories above the teeming street, death had come to him out of the air, sealing his lips even as he had muttered:

"'Th' man you want, th' man you're lookin' for—that's AA1; you'll find him—lower down!"

It had been a gun fitted with a silencer, fired, doubtless, from the flat building just across, and it had effectually silenced him. But, after all, it was doubtful if he knew the real name of the man in question; almost certainly he had been known to him as just a number, and nothing more.

The recent crime wave was a curious business from first to last; all of them, as it had seemed to Vinson and his chief, were not merely the work of a cleverly organized band of criminals, but of gang within gang, and all under the direction of one keen, central, devising brain.

The department, save in the matter of that single clue of the murdered addict, if it could be called a clue, had advanced no further with its pursuit of the gang, not one single inch.

Vinson was speaking now in a musing monotine:

"*'Lower down,'* the dying coke fiend said; "remember that, inspector! Now, I wonder what he meant—ha?"

The question was never answered.

For neither had seen the waiter's white face in the shadows, like the face of a tiger, lips drawn backward from the teeth in a soundless snarl. The waiter had thrust outward one claw-like hand; it flashed downward in the semi-darkness with the speed of light.

The brief December day had grayed suddenly to twilight, but neither Haggerty nor Vinson had been aware of it. But a moment before the patrolman on duty had passed by the entrance swinging his club. There had sounded the usual street noises: honk of motor-horn, rattle of delivery wagons, the rush and rumble of the hurrying street.. Now, upon the instant, darkness struck down upon the two officers like a thunderbolt. The street doors clanged shut, there came a swift, sudden attack like the onslaught of a pack of wolves.

CHAPTER TWO

VINSON, never wholly unprepared, out of the tail of his eye had seen that white face of the waiter at his elbow. He heard the low-pitched, guttural command.

A heavy water-bottle was on the table at his elbow. Just before that silent onrush of their attackers Vinson had lifted the bottle, swung, hurling it outward through the heavy beveled window-pane. Then the thick curtains had closed downward with a rush.

The detective felt hot breath in his face, long arms reaching for his throat as, pinned down for a moment by weight of numbers, he was slammed against the wall. He heard the table crash, Haggerty's oath; then with fist and foot he was among the gang, arms going like flails.

Trained upward from the streets, Vinson was a rough-and-tumble fighter par excellence, and in any free-for-all, one man or two against many, the advantage is often with the under-dog. Aside from Haggerty, whom he could hear at a little distance, the detective had no need to distinguish friend from foe. In the thick darkness their attackers were handicapped by very weight of numbers. Unable to use his gun, by reason of this sheer avalanche of men, the detective fought now with elbow and fist, multiplying himself in a fury of silent action—a human battering-ram.

Low-pitched oaths sounded, groans, the gasping grunts of men falling before the sodden impact of fist on flesh. But otherwise it was a fight in silence. And as he fought Vinson knew then that it was to be cold steel in his heart or the silence and oblivion of worse than death in some dim, underground warren below the city streets.

That was the way Officer O'Hare had

gone, he remembered, and Detective Dennison had ridden on a one-way ticket to the Port of Missing Men.

The detective now heard, above the thud and shuffle of sliding feet, the faint, rolling rattle of iron upon iron, then, faint and far, the staccato rapping of a night-stick upon asphalt and the clang and rattle of the patrol.

Head down, he uppercut savagely at a bristly chin that he could feel rather than see. And upon the instant he heard, close at hand, the deep groan of a man desperately hurt. It was Haggerty; he would have known that voice among a thousand. Then:

"Greg"—he heard the thin whisper as of the inspector at his last gasp—"they've—got me!"

Something went by his shoulder and the wind of its passing kissed his cheek, and it drove into the board wall at his right with a muffled clang. There came from outside the rapid explosions of a motor. His attackers fell away, the heavy doors crashed inward, then, guns out, a blue-coated avalanche of men, a giant at their head—the reserves!

The water-bottle the detective hurled through the window had not failed.

But with the lights on the net result of the rescue showed merely two sullen, low-browed men, white-lipped, silent, against the wall; Vinson, coatless, his face a crimson smear—and that was all.

That and a knife deep in the wall, the overturned tables, the floor a litter of glass and broken bottles.

Haggerty had vanished.

CHAPTER THREE

INSPECTOR HAGGERTY'S disappearance soon passed from a departmental secret to the front pages of the newspapers. The two prisoners, sullen, snarling their defiance at the minions of the law, had been third-degre-ed with no result. Vinson, hopeless for the first time in his conflict with the enemies of law and order, brooded over the underworld coup which had resulted in the kidnapping of its chief nemesis and the detective's best and only friend.

It had been a daring coup, and the men who had made it had struck hard indeed in their eternal conflict with the law. For Inspector Haggerty had been slated for chief of the department; some said even commissioner. And Vinson would have gone on upward with the grizzled inspector. But the detective was not thinking of that.

Alone in the office of his absent chief the detective sat silent now, staring with sightless eyes across the city's roofs, before him on the table a copy of that morning's *Meteor*. And at sight of what he saw there, blazoned in a three-column spread across the page, he stifled a low word in his throat.

For the *Meteor* asked in double-leaded type what was the matter with Haggerty? The crime wave was increasing. The inspector was ill, was he? Well, there were some who were uncharitable enough to hint that it was an illness of convenience, etcetera and soforth.

"The hounds!" exclaimed Vinson angrily. But he knew well enough that the police could not hope to keep it a secret very much longer. And with this thought another and a more disturbing one obtruded: the dragnet had been out; the entire resources of the department were given to the search for the missing man, but so far with not one single clue.

At every turn, somehow, they had found themselves balked, checkmated, their best efforts set at naught as by a hand invisible—a hand with fingers that pulled wires, set obstacles before them where none before existed; a hand and a brain that worked in darkness and in silence.

But that this hand and this brain would dare to meddle with the department itself *from the inside* the detective could not bring himself to believe, and yet, as he thought of it now, there had been evidences, little things in themselves and yet charged with meaning, that, as the needle of a compass swings ever northward, seemed pointing closer and closer to a certain room in a certain departmental office suite with which Vinson was familiar.

And yet the thing was monstrous, unbe-

lievable; it simply could not be! For the man who occupied that room, a well-known official, was above ordinary suspicion. It was unthinkable.

The detective recalled the blue car he had seen hovering near at the time the inspector had vanished. It had been seen roaring northward along the avenue, but that had been the last of it. The license number, even if it had been decipherable in the rush of its headlong flight, meant nothing, and less than nothing. Vinson, musing, looked up now as there came a rapping at the door.

There can be character in a knock as much as in a handshake. The knocking was not loud; it was merely a discreet tap, but there was something furtive about it—how, Vinson could not have told.

"Come in!" he called, and with the word was conscious of a sudden queer presentiment, illogical, without reason. If he had been a nervous man he would have said that he was getting jumpy—and yet that was not it altogether.

Then, with the opening of the door, he looked up to face a man, black-bearded, frock-coated, with features of a foreign cast. It was Arbuthnot, a deputy commissioner. Vinson had often wondered at the very British name coupled with that dark, foreign countenance. Now he looked up slowly as Arbuthnot spoke.

"Er—excuse—Vinson," he said. "Just look in on my way out. Heard anything of the inspector?"

Vinson had never liked the man—for one thing, because he had a trick of looking everywhere but at the man he talked to; not a favorable sign, the detective thought. And there was that "excuse"—rather more a French manner than a British. Now, as he paused, peering in the doorway, the detective's eyes narrowed with sudden swift concern.

The deputy, leaning against the doorframe, had lifted his arm. And at what Vinson saw or thought that he saw he half arose in his chair.

It looked like the brand of a yegg on his wrist.

But the light was uncertain; he could not be sure, and, anyway, if it were true—but he could not believe that it was true.

He must have something more than prejudice, dislike of the dark-faced man there in the doorway.

"No, commissioner," he said quietly, "I've heard nothing so far, but——"

It seemed to Vinson that the dark eyes gazing into his betrayed an expression of abrupt surprise and disappointment—almost as if he had expected a different sort of answer.

"Ah—so!" he said, with a compression of the thin lips. "Just so. Well, I must be going; see you later on." And then he turned on his heel.

The door closed; he was gone. The detective, frowning, turned to the consideration of the matter in hand, when again there was a knocking at the door, this time a sharp double rap.

"Package for you, sir; came in just now by parcel post," stated the uniformed patrolman, saluting and passing out the doorway.

When the man had gone the detective picked up the package with fingers that trembled a little in their eagerness. He had been under a heavy strain; it showed in the black circles under his eyes, the new lines about the strong, decided mouth.

"Now I wonder what's in it?" He spoke the thought aloud. An infernal machine? Well, hardly. The detective had little fear of that. He held it up, shaking it gently from side to side, but its contents gave forth no sound, no sign. With a quick, nervous gesture he slit the paper covering across and across, taking the cover from the box.

Then he sat staring, his face gray, in a white-lipped silence at the thing before him, or rather two.

It was a square piece of cardboard, and nothing more; on it, however, sketched crudely in red ink, was the outline of a severed finger. Attached to the card there was a heavy signet ring, arranged so that the pictured finger ran through it. And the ring had been Haggerty's.

CHAPTER FOUR

A LONG minute the detective sat there like a man turned to stone. Was it a bluff? Somehow he did not think that it was. It could mean but one thing, and that was: Inspector Haggerty, his friend, his chief, the comrade of many a chancy hazard in the highways and byways of Criminopolis, was dead, or he would be soon.

And then abruptly his lips tightened with the thought. Well, it was possible; it *had* to be: a grim jest worthy of the spawn of evil to whom a life was just a life, and nothing more. That would explain it.

Abruptly he snapped one capable fist into his open palm, rising from his seat and putting the ring and card into his pocket. That painted finger had given him an idea, and acting upon it now, he went about his preparations.

It was a dangerous errand upon which he was going, and none knew it better than he—a grim and chancy business, for the place that he was to visit was a den not merely of thieves, but of wolves who walked on two legs, savage, relentless as any of their four-footed brothers.

It was doubtful if even Haggerty would have recognized the detective who left the inspector's office now like a sliding ghost. The dead-blank whiteness of his face, the staring eyeballs of the addict (a very little belladonna had accomplished that), the mouth pinched and twisted at the corners to a leering grimace; his disguise was perfect. And on his left wrist, hidden by the sleeve, there was a small round white spot. Even to a fairly careful observer it would look as if it had been burned there, but to the initiated it would be the brand, the mark, the sign manual of the yegg.

This would be his passport, if such were needed; its genuine replica had been, for instance, on that grim-faced waiter's wrist back there in the restaurant, hidden beneath that over-long sleeve. And Vinson knew that in Italy, for example, it had been nothing uncommon to discipline an offending member of a certain secret society by mutilation—the cutting off of his ears say, or of a finger, as it might chance.

And in this instance the detective would be looking for a man with a bandaged hand or the scarce-healed stump of a finger, the grim token, as it might chance, the counterfeit presentment of which he carried in his pocket.

Vinson, going out a back way, went now by a roundabout route to a house, silent and dark, in a dim side street hard by the water front.

Here, at his peculiar rubbing knock, a door opened silently on well-oiled hinges; the blinding beam of a flash-light struck him between the eyes; then, head-high, at the height of a tall man, there sprang out against the darkness a grinning, hairless face, the shaven head shining in the dull glow from a single incandescent.

A hand, claw-like, reached forth, plucking at the detective's sleeve; the voice hissed from the shadows:

"Quick, Greg; do a fade—inside!"

Vinson made a forward step; the door shut silently behind him. And there was Jerry, the Stool.

The stool-pigeon seemed to shiver like a man in a fit, his loose lips fumbling above his stained and blackened teeth. He had known Vinson, the detective, upon the instant.

"Wise me—wise me—quick!" he breathed in a hoarse, asthmatic guttural. "I gotta lam out of here in a brace of shakes; they're ridin' me to a fare-you-well. I just saw Goat Hinch at the corner, down by Larry's, an' he's packing a big gat! Now—f'r Gawd's sake——"

Vinson laid a grasp of iron upon the tattered sleeve.

"You, Jerry," he whispered, "comt clean! I'm looking for a gun with a bandaged hand—see? Now, where'll I find him? Now, come across!"

The stool-pigeon's dull eyes appeared to roll backward in his head; a look of indescribable cunning appeared in the dead-blank whiteness of his face. He grinned now, but without mirth. Then abruptly he bent his head, whispering something, so low that Vinson could just hear it, and that was all:

"Th' alley on West Fourt'—see? That's

all I know, mister; honest t' Gawd, that's all!"

Vinson, observing the man under narrowed lids, grunted, turning on his heel. The man was telling the truth; of that he was convinced; anyway, he would have to take his word for it; there was nothing else to be done.

The door opened, and he was outside.

A moment he stood in the thick darkness; then at a slouching shuffle he was away. And presently at a dim doorway set back a little from the street, through which there shone a dull, murky glimmer as from the Pit, he halted.

A man was coming out; the detective, flattening himself against the wall, watched as the dim figure paused a moment under the pale gleaming of the corner street light. Then he followed the man.

For he was going now down into the heart of a little hell. He felt that at last he was on the right track to find Haggerty.

Plunging into the network of alleys running southward from Leroy and east of Hudson, the detective, still with that slouching shuffle, went onward into a midnight blackness. Lean shapes and drifting shadows passed him to right and left, and still that dim figure that he followed went onward. There sounded the ribald echo of a tipsy laugh, a woman's brief scream; from a near-by doorway a segment of crimson light cut suddenly across the blackness, fading with the quick slamming of the door.

But nobody molested him, and after a little, just ahead, he saw a flash of light, like an inflamed and angry eye; a dim, orange glow just above a dark doorway, foul and old with age—the doorway to the Pit, as the dive was called.

Waiting in the shadows, the detective watched as his quarry, halting a moment before the door, rapped twice and then again upon the ancient wood; it opened and he was gone.

And presently, after the passage of a long minute, Vinson had followed. As the man before him had done, he rapped twice and then once again; and then, at the purring of a motor behind him out of the dark, he turned.

There was a street lamp farther on—the sole illumination in this street of shadows. And as he looked the car had flashed past this light. In the glimpse that he had of it he could see that it was filled with men. And in that eye-flash he had seen something else; he had seen that it was painted blue

---

CHAPTER FIVE

WELL, that might mean anything or nothing, of course. There was more than one blue car operating in the city. And even granting that he might find the particular blue car which had assisted in the getaway of the kidnappers, it might avail him nothing. Besides, under artificial light, colors can be deceptive.

But he had seen the men, visored caps pulled low over their foreheads; he had known upon the instant what sort of men they were, and in this there could be no mistake.

And it was then that he became conscious of a human eye.

A small, sliding panel had moved noiselessly from right to left, and through this aperture the eye looked out at him, unwinking, baleful. There came a rapid patter of voices from behind the door in a high singsong; Vinson could not distinguish the words. But the detective in answer, holding up his arm, pushed back the sleeve, nodding slowly, like a mechanical Mandarin, from left to right.

The door slid backward without sound. Vinson found himself in darkness unrelieved by either light or sound. And then abruptly fingers of chilled steel closed about his wrist, a voice hissed loud in the blackness:

"What mob—ha?"

For an instant the detective was at a loss. He knew well enough that the man was asking to what particular gang he might belong. And it would not do to hesitate.

"Frisco Red's," he made answer. "I'm Omaha Ed Peterson, fancy sledge-swinger, on th' gabenfagen just now, old-timer. I just came in this afternoon, an' flyin' light,

if you ask me. An' a K. Y. an' a pusher'll be about my speed right this minute."

For a moment there was no answer. Then, as a spot-light is thrown upon a curtain, velvet-black, there sprang suddenly to view, head-high, like a head without a body, a long, yellow face. For a breathless interval this grinning head, with its shaven skull, observed Vinson intently. A hand shot up—a hand incredibly long and bony, long nails sharpened to needle-points. The voice, dry and old, like a bleak wind, hissed at him out of the dark:

"No can do," came the voice after a moment, and the lean, yellow face was as the face of a devil. "No can do—you sabbe? *Maskee!*"

There came the sound of thick whispers: the Chinaman in converse with some one hidden and yet half revealed. The light, flaring abruptly to full flower, showed the detective a white man with the bowed shoulders and tremendous arms of a bull-ape. He turned on Vinson a gaze lowering and truculent:

"Li Po says he don't know you, fella; but—well, I'm takin' th' chance to let you in, see? I make you, bo," he continued in a bass like the growl of a cougar.

Vinson knew then that he had put it over. Frisco Red, as he happened to know, was supposed to be at that very moment languishing in Leavenworth prison; it had been a safe choice. And there were few sledge-swingers in the country, not more than five or six together—men who, with their heavy, short-handled mason's hammers, were practised in knocking off the combination knobs of safes; they were rare.

Being on the "gabenfagen" meant that he was footloose and broke; "flying light" that he had gone without breakfast; "a K. Y. and a pusher," whisky with the conventional chaser.

But here, if anywhere, he might find that which he sought, the missing inspector. With the brand of the yegg upon him he was free now to go forward into that underground warren.

His guide in the lead, they went downward five shallow steps; there came a whispering mutter, the snick of a heavy bolt, and a door fell open almost in his face. Vinson was in a long, low room with a bar, as he could see, at the farther end. Between him and it were perhaps a dozen tables, drifting smoke-layers heavy in the windless air. Men were scattered here and there at the table, perhaps not more than a dozen altogether; as he came in now two or three turned sidewise to look, but that was all. But of the man whom he had followed there was no sign.

He sat down at a table, slouching into his seat, his keen gaze, under lowered lids, taking in the long room in a swift, flashing appraisal.

There seemed to be nobody there that he knew; for the moment he was safe. But that he was in a den of crooks none knew better than he. Suspicion of his identity merely would be enough and more than enough; they would kill him out of hand at the very batting of an eye.

From where Vinson sat he could see most of the room and the men sitting at the tables. But so far he had seen no sign of a man with a bandaged hand. Most of the men had their hands in plain sight; none of them acted as if he had anything to conceal. Perhaps, after all, he had drawn blank.

By this time he had had two or three drinks, or, rather, he had just tasted the first, disposing of the remainder with some difficulty and yet with an apparent casualness that was deceiving. Vinson was supremely careful about the little things; it would not do, he knew, to spill that liquor openly upon the floor. After his first drink, therefore, he began to fumble a little on the table-top, fingers tracing an aimless pattern upon the wood. The whisky was powerful stuff, especially on an empty stomach; he had prepared the way for its apparent effect by a statement to the grim guard at the entrance that he had had no breakfast.

He nodded now twice, elbows pressed heavily upon the table-top, and then, at a thick whisper at his back, he froze, rigid, in his chair.

His ruse had worked, and sooner than he had expected; that unguarded whisper was the proof. He listened now with all his

ears as the thick tones came to him as through a fog of distance:

"Yeah, some clever stunt, Frisco, if you ask me. Them two bulls fell f'r it; they walked right in—a trap we laid, see? An' only one of 'em got out. An' th' blue car—I'll say that was some stunt, too, bo; they'd never find that car if they was t' *look* f'r it or for the *owner*, not in a month of Sundays."

The thick voice trailed off to a burring mumble. The detective, listening, nerves at pitch, waited as the sound of a striking match interrupted. And then, as the voice came again, it ceased suddenly in mid-speech.

Abruptly at the back of his neck the detective felt an icy draft, like the touch of an invisible, probing finger, and then, following it, the slam of the heavy door.

A man had stepped suddenly into the room. Where he had come from Vinson could not tell. He walked forward now like a shambling bear, long arms at his sides, hands thrust into his pocket, and he was heading directly for Vinson's table.

The detective, out of the tail of his eye, beheld the man as he came forward, saw the white face with its straight gash of a mouth; saw one great, hairy hand, covered with a stiff fell of reddish-brown bristles, as the newcomer halted at his table and prepared to be seated.

The detective heard him curse low under his breath. Then he sat down heavily, facing the detective, right hand still in his pocket.

Vinson drew in his breath sharply against set teeth, his muscles beneath his loose, sleazy coat bulging with the pressure. He was sitting now on the edge of his chair, like a sprinter upon the mark, waiting, tense, for the word that would unleash the gang and set them ravening at his throat.

For the man who faced him across that table, left hand like a stone maul upon the stained and battered wood, was the man whom he had followed into that den of thieves—the hard-faced waiter who had served him and the inspector back there in that restaurant below the street.

CHAPTER SIX

BUT the waiter made no sign. Dull-eyed he looked at Vinson, then looked away, his lips fumbling together above his stained and blackened teeth. Plainly he did not recognize the detective, but, with his drink before him, sat silent after that first muttered oath.

But that right hand, hidden in the pocket of the waiter's coat, fascinated Vinson; that and the man's face, lined and old, twisted now with a hell of hate, distorted as with a passion deep down behind the staring eyes, like a still fire. And presently as the waiter sat there Vinson shot his gaze downward upon the table-top and saw the thick fingers move, tracing an aimless pattern in the wet.

He saw indeed that it was a pattern, the fingers moving slowly from right to left—a pattern of letters, of words, that, as he looked, spelled out:

"Know you, all right. I was double-crossed. I'll tell who done it."

Abruptly, as the detective read, that right arm moved with a slow, careful motion from the pocket; he had a flashing glimpse of a hand wound tight with tape; then, even as he looked, the left hand, swooping, had blotted that message as if it had never been. Then there came a low, snarling voice at his elbow:

"Omha Ed—ha? Let's see you; let's have a look!"

It was Frisco Red.

The detective had understood that the waiter, disciplined for some breach of mob law, had been about to square accounts. He now saw that the man whom he had thought safe in Leavenworth had somehow escaped. Frisco's face was bent downward close to his, the bristly red skull close-cropped, the mouth snarling. His hand reached out in a lightning-like stab for the detective's wrist.

With the speed of light, before Vinson was able to prevent it, he had ripped back the sleeve, turned the detective's wrist upward to the light.

"Hell!" snarled the peterman, his eyes cold and cruel as a beast's. He stepped backward a pace, his gaze on Vinson with

cold, tigerish ferocity, lips drawn backward from his teeth in grinning menace.

For the spot—the brand of the yegg—the mark that the detective had counterfeited, had vanished.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE heat of the room, that vise-like grip upon the wrist, had done the mischief. For where the spot had been there was now only a yeasty smear, instantly recognizable for what it was, and nothing more.

Frisco's voice arose now in a hoarse shout:

"There's a dick here, you guns—a dam' dick! Now, get goin'!"

There came an answering growl from the assemblage. Vinson, hands pressed against the table-top, crossed glances with the hard-faced waiter, whose eyes answered him plainer than speech, and that answer was that he would fight it out with the detective, shoulder to shoulder. For it was the waiter's only chance. A fate worse than death would be his, left to the mercies of the men whom he had betrayed or attempted to betray, and all doubt of this passed now with Frisco's snarling shout:

"An' this stool here, you guns; we'll get him, too, while th' gettin's good! Now!"

For a moment, through the flat layers of the drifting cigarette smoke, the detective had seen, or thought that he had seen, a face, or perhaps he had dreamed that he had—a face long and narrow, dark with its pointed beard thrust forward. This face was staring at him around the corner of a door at the far end of the long room, and upon it he fancied that he could see a cold grin that was like a promise of death.

And if that face were a reality that the detective saw, why, then, he had found the man lower down. It was a face that he had seen before in daylight, and it had faced him then across the broad table-top in the inspector's office.

But the thing was unbelievable, monstrous, to Vinson. And now, even as it vanished, like a face seen in dreams, the gang came into action with the spitting crashes of their guns. But Vinson had acted upon the instant.

He and the waiter were in a corner of the room, behind them an angle of the wall, before them the gunmen. The rattle of their automatics had begun the drone of death as Vinson, the waiter at his elbow, upended the heavy table. They were crouching behind it as Frisco, his face like that of a devil, pressed the trigger of his pistol.

But the detective had acted before him. His heavy Colt roared out its message of death as Frisco's finger pressed the trigger. The yegg's face grayed; he staggered, pitching forward on his face.

And now all about them bullets sang, thudding into the table and the wall. It was a tight corner in very truth, a cul-de-sac, a blind alley out of which there seemed no escape. The detective from behind his rampart had emptied his pistol, firing with the steady hand of a marksman at the butts. So far the Central Office man had accounted for three of their attackers, but the gunmen, raging, were yet wary.

In a stand-up give-and-take there was not one of them brave enough to come to close quarters with this super-fighter with a brain of ice and nerve of steel. The man at his side, too, had been giving a good account of himself; he fought now with the desperate, cold courage of the cornered grizzly.

From somewhere, as the policeman's fire slackened, he produced a heavy, blue-steel automatic, passing it to the detective as the mob surged forward.

One single, concerted rush would have finished Vinson and his friend, a charge that by very weight of numbers would have swept on and over the two crouching behind that table, scored deep with the plunging cross-fire of the slugs. But they did not make that charge. Seven of them yet remained. They had drawn that encircling, savage ring of death a little closer now. Three had fallen before the detectives' fire, and his unexpected ally had accounted for two, but seven against two are heavy odds.

Vinson's coat had been drilled through in

several places. Twice or thrice the heavy slugs had bored that table from end to end, driving splinters deep into the wall behind them. Massed in a semicircle behind a double rampart of chairs and tables, the gunmen seemed nerving themselves for a final onslaught. It was then that the detective, pistol raised, flung up a hand, tottered, crashed backward, slumping downward against the wall.

A cry, bestial, savage, exultant, beat against the rafters; the mob, as one, hurdling their barricade, rushed forward.

They had covered perhaps two-thirds of the distance when of a sudden in their very faces there poured a double cross-fire of death. The detective, rising behind that table, emptied his automatic in their very faces.

Vinson laughed now, disdaining cover, as the gunmen, wheeling, swept in disorganized flight backward along the floor. His trick had won.

But they were still dangerous. And as if to prove it there came with the rattle of a single shot a choking groan; the man at his side, face gray, sat down abruptly, back against the wall.

"Boss—I'm—done!" he said in a harsh, strained whisper. "They've—got me—plenty!"

His eyes closed, his head fell forward on his chest. Vinson's mouth hardened. The man would die with his secret still a secret, but the detective was not thinking of that. Crook or not, gunman or not, the man had died as a man should, face to the enemy and in a worthy cause. And for a moment, in a lull in the firing, the detective, surveying the field of battle, frowned out across his rampart in speculation.

Frisco lay where he had fallen, perhaps three paces to his front; farther on a giant with a broken nose and a twisted mouth snarling and grim, even in death. Vinson's pistols had taken a heavy toll. Of the twelve who had faced him and his ally but four remained, crouching behind their cover, gazing upon the swift death vomited toward them by one man, and by one alone—a man whom, with one concerted charge, they could have overwhelmed.

Now they were to behold a miracle, or at least to them a thing unbelievable, born of a courage that they could neither feel nor understand. On a sudden they saw the detective, coatless, yellow hair tossing like a viking's mane under the lights, vaulting that table, as if borne by wings, rushing toward them. His gun hand was vomiting lightnings unbelievably swift. Onward he came, as a man walking into a strong wind, bent low, for it was a wind of death. The spitting crashes of their pistols swept the odor of burned powder toward him with the high whine of the slugs. From that yellow mane a lock floated floorward, clipped from it by a bullet. A thin red line showed on his cheek where death in passing had touched him and passed on.

Flesh and blood could not endure more of it. Vinson had covered perhaps half the space between them when, as one man, they turned and fled. Stumbling, scrambling in a blind, unreasoning panic, crowding each other outward to the doorway, they gave ground.

Vinson watched them go. Then stiffly, deliberately, he walked slowly down that narrow hall, outside to the night sky and the stars.

The fight was over.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A MAN, frock-coated, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, pearl-gray trousers creased to a knife-edge, glossy silk hat ironed to a dazzling luster in the bright afternoon sun, descended the broad steps of New York's most exclusive club.

The Unity is *the* club of clubs; membership in it is equivalent to an accolade of knighthood. The man who was leaving its imposing portal might have been a banker, a great corporation lawyer, a statesman—only he was none of these things.

He might have been any of them. The high, white, patrician forehead, the keen, forceful eye, the very set of his shoulders, his head, spoke to the observer of power and the pride of power. And the straight,

precise Van Dyke beard might have argued that he was a professional man, such as a physician. The white, flashing fingers were slim and straight, the hand of a man of substance or breeding, for there is character in a hand.

A taxi, idling inward to the curb, paused as if waiting for this desirable fare, but the man with the beard seemed not to notice it. But his eyes narrowed the merest trifle as a great blue car, its silver mountings gleaming in the late afternoon sun, swung silently around the corner.

It seemed about to stop now, its immaculate chauffeur, his hand upon the wheel, glancing sidewise at the tall man with the beard. But the latter, with a quick, almost an imperceptible gesture of one gloved hand, went on along the walk. The great car, enameled a deep, lustrous blue, purred forward to the corner and around it, where it halted, its engine running almost without sound.

The man who might have been a banker, but was nothing of the sort, called something in a sharp, hissing whisper; then, with almost a stealthy movement, he was in that car; the gears meshed, the great blue magnificence rolled slowly westward along the quiet street.

At the crossing just beyond the officer on post waved the great car onward, touching his cap with a deferential flourish. The blue car slid forward at an increasing pace, its forty horsepower throttled down to a scant ten miles in the hour.

Presently, leaving the avenue, it turned eastward again through mean streets, drawing up at length before a grim stone building that was like a fortress, forbidding, dark.

It was police headquarters.

The man with the Van Dyke beard got out, standing a moment at the curb. While he had been riding the sky became overcast; out of the west, on the wings of a chill wind, drifting snow particles were beginning to eddy downward. The bearded man shivered in his furs.

"Some one's walking over my grave," he muttered, borrowing the words of Chief Haggerty, the lost. A moment he stood in apparent indecision; then, turning backward to the chauffeur, he whispered a moment strangely, out of the corner of his mouth, in the prison twist:

"Hinch, you'd better wait here. No—at the corner! I—I may want you, quick!"

Turning with the words, he went up the shallow steps, disappearing into the building without further speech.

Detective Sergeant Gregory Vinson, on this bleak afternoon of late December, sat once again at his superior's desk. After all he had made little progress. The inspector was gone; the "man lower down," if there were indeed such an individual, remained shrouded in mystery; following the desperate battle in the hang-out of the crooks nothing had transpired.

The detective, totaling up the matter on his fingers, could find only this:

1. A blue car, seen and afterward lost. And there was more than one blue car in the city.

2. Haggerty had been kidnapped and had left no trace.

3. The clue of the severed finger. Here at first the detective thought that he had had a clue, but death had foiled him with the passing of the one man likely to have told him anything of value.

4. The conversation that he had overheard, fragmentary as it had been, pointed merely to one salient fact: there *was* a blue car, and in some mysterious fashion it was able to disappear—but whither?

Question then: Was there a man lower down? And where was Haggerty, if he was still alive?

On a sudden, out of the air as it seemed, Vinson had a vision of a face, dark and bearded, the eyes smiling without mirth, slim, well-manicured fingers stroking that pointed beard. He spoke his thought aloud now to the empty room:

"A millionaire! Um! Money would be no object with that bird, except to gather more of it! But I never liked his looks; I never did, for a fact! He's got a bad eye or I'm a Dutchman! Now, it'd be funny if the 'man lower down' should happen to be him, but of course he couldn't be."

"Th' deputy commissioner!"

The door opened. The uniformed patrolman in the doorway stood aside in obvious deference. Vinson got swiftly to his feet. The tall man with the Van Dyke beard entered the room.

Vinson stared. His visitor surveyed him under lowered lids. Then he said slowly with his precise, hissing utterance:

"I—just came in, sergeant, to ask again: Have you—heard anything yet from our friend the inspector?"

The "our friend the inspector" grated on the detective, how he could not have told. But knowing what he knew, or suspecting what he suspected, he read into that dark face a sneer that was perhaps not apparent in the deputy commissioner's speech. There had always been bad blood between this man and Haggerty, and Vinson knew it.

While the detective admitted that a number of these deputy commissioners had been most efficient aids to the regular work of the department, still they were, after all, just civilians. They were rich men, all of them, tired business men who craved either the honor or the chance thrill that might come to them by reason of their connection with the city's police force.

Vinson raised his head, his keen blue eyes boring into the sloe-black ones of the man opposite. Abruptly he was remembering their previous meeting, and as abruptly he acted. It was something more than a "hunch"—an impulse.

"No, commissioner, I haven't heard anything from the inspector, as you put it," he said slowly. "But—*let me see your hand!*"

The strangeness of the request, amounting almost to rudeness, showed abruptly in the deputy commissioner's face. His mouth opened, but no words came. Then, at what he read in the black eyes turned to his, the detective acted.

If he were wrong—well, they could do nothing worse than demote them, fire him, if need be. And at the moment he cared little for that. But that dark face opposite—he had seen it before, and he must take a chance to prove a wild theory that flashed into his mind.

With a lightning swoop, as the man opposite made a half turn, the detective's fingers closed on his wrist with a grip of iron. There came a quick jerk, a sudden wrench, and there on the white wrist, branded like the mark of Cain, showed a small round spot—the damned spot that would not rub out, the hall-mark of the yegg.

CHAPTER NINE

THERE came a violent oath in a language Vinson did not understand, a straining heave, a sudden, brief explosion of movement. The detective could not have said how it was done, but even as he sprang upright from his chair the tall figure had wrenched free. The commissioner was into and through the doorway at a plunging rush. It slammed shut behind him as Vinson turned the knob.

But the heavy door was fast; he could not open it. The fugitive had acted with the speed of light, locking that door from the outside in the moment that the detective's hand was on the knob.

The seconds were racing now as the detective, pounding on the panels, shouted once, again, and more seconds passed before his cry was answered. There came the quick pound of heavy brogans on the flooring, the door was flung wide, the bulky patrolman who had opened it straightening abruptly at Vinson's barking order to call some armed men. He seized a loaded riot rifle from a rack and some explosive bullets. Then, the detective in the lead, they raced headlong for the stairs, other officers joining them.

It was but one short flight downward to the street; Vinson took it in several jumps, behind him now the rush and pounding of other feet. The hammering of heavy brogans on the stone-flagged corridor echoed a moment in a swift thunder.

A long, low car, the fastest in the department, stood at the curb. They piled in, five of them altogether, as the blue racer swung around the corner on two wheels, roaring northward along the narrow way.

Vinson now spoke for the first time:

"There'll be no stopping him this side of Forty-second street," he said, "if that's where he's heading, but we'll do our best."

But if their own car had the right of way the fugitive would have the same advantage; it would be a stern chase wherever it might lead. And it was doubtful, even in open country, if their speed could match the soaring flight of that dark-blue meteor, rushing northward now and ever northward, burning the wind.

But as they passed Forty-second street the detective exulted. His quarry was in the open at last and that was all that mattered. So far, as by a miracle, they had come through the worst of the traffic without mishap; three blocks ahead the blue car held its distance. But the pace had risen now—forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour. The wind of their passage was like a solid wall, the drone of the motor rising to a heavy thunder as the great circle at One Hundred and Tenth street came into view.

Five minutes, and five miles, and with no abatement of that frightful pace they had reached the outskirts. The road here ran high up, and below them flowed the river, like a gorged and sleepy snake.

"We're holding him!" gritted Vinson. Suddenly and abruptly from that flying ghost ahead there came a whip-like crack, another, then the high whine of slugs.

"Our tires!" barked Vinson. "He's shooting at the tires! Now, I'll let him have it!"

He raised the riot rifle he had taken from headquarters.

Leaning far out, he shot, then shot again, but missed, and the explosive bullets kicked up the dirt in the road. Still that blue greyhound leaped forward, sixty, seventy miles an hour now, until the wind of their passage cut backward with the roaring of the exhaust.

Just ahead the road looped perilously against the cliff face, curved upward and then down. Perhaps a half mile just ahead a stone house stood, a small wharf leading from it. Resting upon the wharf was a something that gleamed and glittered in the declining sun, like a great bird with folded wings. Vinson, shading his eyes from the sun dazzle, could see men moving to and fro like ants, and then he saw the blue car drive straight for that stone house, plunging downward with, as it seemed, no slackening in speed.

The detective shouted, his words blown backward and lost in the fierce drive of their passage. Between two ticks of the watch the blue car, driving head on for that stone house, set like a fortress against the hill, had vanished!

The officers rush on; then, with a grinding of brakes, their car slid slowly to a halt.

In a moment more the policemen, Vinson at their head, were running in the roadway. And then they saw that the doors in a wing of the house were open; they had been invisible from above. The garage was just beneath, but six feet higher than the wharf.

Guns out, they plunged in the garage, and then halted, at a loss, for the blue car had disappeared. The fugitive had won that race by a scant half minute. But where was he?

They heard a headlong rush along the wharf at the lower level, and as they whirled to follow the floor sank downward beneath their feet. They were trapped.

The floor of the garage was a huge elevator, of course. It would only be a matter of minutes before they could win freedom, but meanwhile their dark-faced quarry would be beyond them.

Vinson cursed deep in his throat as the floor sank downward; then as it touched bottom he sprang to action. There before them was the blue car, empty. There came a weak voice from the shadows of the cellar.

"Greg!"

Pale under his tan, they saw the face of Haggerty; saw, too, that he was chained, like a beast fettered to the wall.

"Don't stop; they're escaping; hurry!" came the weak voice in a harsh whisper. "I'm—all right."

Vinson whirled, flinging a quick word over his shoulder. Then, storming through a narrow door, he was out upon the wharf, but too late.

Just before him, etched against the sun-

set glow like a monstrous bat, a monoplane soared up, up, the roar of its motor beating downward in a swift thunder. In a moment it would be away, and with it the man with the Van Dyke beard, sneering now, doubtless, at the fools who had followed him.

Vinson fancied he could see the dark smile, the slim, blue-veined, aristocratic hand waving in a mockery of farewell, as the great plane dipped now preparatory to its flight southward above the river.

Face grim, he whipped up the rifle to his shoulder. He had brought it on the off chance that it might be needed. It was a new gun, the last word in high-power armament, and it was something more with its explosive bullets.

The plane, turning on its heel, swept gracefully up, up; it straightened; there came the flat crack of the rifle, like the breaking of a stick. Again and it seemed that in the gathering darkness a looping arrow, like a thin thread of flame, curved upward like a striking snake.

As the detective watched a muffled thunder followed it from the exploding gasoline tank. Where, but a second before, that silver bird had soared between sky and water, there spread a sudden brief, crimson flare. Then the plane, a blazing holocaust, crashed downward in a red ruin to the water. A moment, etched against the sunset, the detective saw, or thought that he saw, leaping figures springing clear; then on the broad bosom of the oily river there was merely silence and darkness, with the lap-lapping of the tide against the piles. The explosive bullets had done their work.

Turning, he strode inward to his chief, who was free now, as a man risen from the tomb.

Haggerty, liberated by a policeman, met him in the doorway with a firm, quick handclasp. But it was only when, homeward bound, they drove slowly along the heights that the inspector spoke.

"Yes, Greg," he told him. "This fellow, this 'Deputy Commissioner' Arbuthnot—that was not his right name, of course—you see, he was clever and he had the nerve of the devil. I found it out after they got me. Well, he came over here from Paris a couple of years ago with genuine letters of introduction; he was a bad one, I can tell you! But he had money, plenty of it, and then, by pulling a few wires, with the assistance of his society friends here, he got the appointment; that was easy. But he and I clashed. I always suspected he was a crook, and as he knew it, that's why he tried to nail me. We've proven that he was the leader of the gang of crooks infesting our city; but he's gone now, and that's the end of——"

"——The man lower down," finished Detective Vinson for him with a tight-lipped smile.

INNOCENT PRISONERS MERELY "OUT OF LUCK"

AN innocent man arrested on suspicion, indicted, held in jail and then exonerated, is simply "out of luck," and has no redress of any kind, according to District Attorney Banton, who discussed the case of John S. Porfiros. Porfiros was the chauffeur in whose car bandits who robbed the Capitol Theatre and thus escaped.

Porfiros was arrested, indicted, held in the Tombs for sixty days, then released on reduced bail and finally exonerated.

"Such mistakes must happen now and then," said Mr. Banton, "although every effort should be made to avoid them by not acting hastily on insufficient grounds. It would have been possible, for instance, in the poison pie case to have arrested several persons on suspicion and hold them indefinitely, in the end releasing them.

"In this particular case the man was the driver of the car in which the bandits escaped. The connection seemed close. Where an innocent man is caught in suspicious circumstances he has to be held, and there is no redress for him by suit or otherwise."

The Torn Check

by Katherine Stagg

CHAPTER ONE

EVEN paying tellers of banks are human and have been known to dance at a country club on rare occasions.

If Nelson D. Holmes hadn't indulged in this frivolous exercise on a certain night in August, he might have avoided a very unfortunate affair for both the bank and himself.

When he deposited beautiful and brilliant young Miss Delorme with her chaperone, he did so reluctantly, for even his cold and cautious nature had been stirred. And small wonder, for Miss Delorme was a high mark in the art of fascination, and had made a record of conquest from the day of her arrival in the town of Holden, a prosperous place which prided itself on having recently achieved cityhood. Just the best-sized town in the world in which to find pickings for the smooth type of crooks, those who know how to assume the rôle of respectability and to lay siege to the substantial element owning tidy fortunes.

Miss Delorme had made a stay of some three months and had paid all her expenses by a checking account on the Holden bank, thus making the acquaintance of young Mr. Holmes. But her advent at the County Club had been by invitation of Mrs. J. M. Druce, the wife of the leading merchant.

Miss Delorme had not wasted her time; a few judicious purchases and some social duties that may have bored her, but were endured as a part of the game, had combined to create a position of easy confidence.

As she sank into one of the huge wicker chairs of the lounge Miss Delorme raised her great black eyes to the bank teller.

"I think this will be my good-by dance, Mr. Holmes," she said in her low rich voice, a voice that carried on the tumult that the eloquent eyes began. "Yes, I have completed my little visit and am leaving tomorrow."

"Not really?" gasped the hard-hit young man. "I hoped—I—but I must see you again; really I had no idea you meant to leave." He turned scarlet and floundered.

"But you will see me again, of course; in fact, I will be calling at the bank in the morning, for I have a nice big chunk of a check to be cashed; you know, I have sold the little place that my aunt left me in Maycliff, and now I am going to run down to the city and have a perfect orgy of buying dresses and all sorts of pretties. I am anticipating a gorgeous time."

She spoke lightly, but she eyed the discomfited young man very narrowly.

"And are you coming back?" he asked eagerly.

"That depends on a number of things," the girl answered with an enigmatic smile.

As indeed it did.

Other admirers crowded about, and young Holmes had to be satisfied with these few words. The stately Mrs. Druce came forward, and presently they drove away in a luxurious limousine through the cool, starlit night.

Arrived at the hotel, the two ladies bade each other a most affectionate good-night, kissing effusively as they do on such occasions, and made voluble promises of letters and future visits.

The last thing Miss Delorme said to her friend was:

"Dear Mrs. Druce, you must not forget to thank your good husband again for the little check he gave me for my pet charity, 'The Homeless Dogs Aid.' It was just too kind of him, and you have no idea how much I will appreciate it as a memento of such a pleasant stay in your charming city."

"Well, Miss Delorme, you are surely a wonder to have gotten it from him, for he seldom falls for anything out of our own town here. But you are really the prettiest thing I ever saw, and I believe if you had asked for the City Hall you'd have got it. My dear, don't think I mind that you came, saw and conquered them all; it simply amuses me. But, as one woman to another grown old and wise in the weakness of men where beauty is concerned, would you mind telling me how much that check was for?"

"One hundred dollars, dear Mrs. Druce, and that will help a lot of poor little dogs and incidentally may help me a bit."

"One hundred dollars! You certainly had him going, but I don't wonder. Good-night, my dear; good-night and good luck."

The limousine drove off, and Miss Delorme entered the hotel, smiling to herself. It was a brilliant smile, but it had much the expression of the cat who has feasted on the canary.

CHAPTER TWO

DETECTIVE JOHNNY LEWIS ran up the steps of the Country Club as the limousine drove away. He caught the most fleeting glimpse of its occupants, but he pulled himself up short in his tracks and sprinted through the lounge, out the side door and down a drive that led to another gate than the one for which the two ladies were headed. There he caught a trolley, rode a half mile and arrived at the hotel just as Mrs. Druce imprinted her fervent last kiss on the glowing cheek of the charming visitor, Miss Delorme.

He raised his hat and came forward to speak, but that young woman swept by him rapidly and haughtily and was in the lift before he could say a word.

Laughing a bit ruefully, he saluted his own image in one of the mirrors and muttered:

"Cut dead! But, by the memory of my sainted aunt, that was Bella Fields! Bella, the best little worker of her crooked kind in the world! And looking younger and prettier than she did five years ago. How do they do it? Hum! Bella in this one-horse, three bricks and a bank imitation of a city. I wonder what her game is? It'll bear watching, that's a cinch."

After a moment's reflection he strolled over to the desk and registered, then asked for a room on the third floor, and was given the key for 338. His quick glance had taken in the whole page of the hotel register, but that was merely habit, for he knew that no name there would give any clue to Bella's present name, and he did not care to start gossip by questions.

Going to his newly assigned room, he called up the County Club and make excuses to the friends with whom he had been engaged to play a few hours of poker. Then he rang for a bellhop.

A ten-spot procured the few necessary things for an unexpected night at the hotel, and a liberal share of change made the "boy" loquacious. The detective soon learned all there was to know about the fascinating Miss Delorme and her three months' stay in the place, also the fact that

she was checking out the next morning. Johnny Lewis was as hard-boiled as any sleuth of the metropolitan force. He had stopped over for a night on his way to Chicago, with a view of following up some random facts about a bunch of bond thieves. But somehow the sight of this woman, who was a star performer in her line, gave him a hunch that it might be more profitable to spend a few hours in the little burg and see what she was doing. He felt convinced that some crooked game would have reached its finis when the lady checked out.

It was early yet, so Lewis went down to the smoking-room and exchanged views on general topics with the regular habitués of the hotel. He was merely killing time, for he felt sure that his quarry upstairs had completed all her plans, and nothing would be gained by keeping in his room. Unluckily it was proved that a woman's wit travels faster than radio waves.

Miss Delorme had both seen and recognized Detective Johnny Lewis, and thanked her stars that the lift had happened to be down for her quick exit to the upper regions. It gave her time to think. She entered her suite and made herself comfortable in silk kimono and mules, then smoked a surreptitious cigarette. She never played a rôle halfway, and the acme of punctilio had been her pose. Things had gone so smoothly that to be confronted with this detective just as she had reached the climax of her scheme was enough to try any one's nerves. But she was too experienced a crook to be more than annoyed; in fact, it really added zest to the game.

A few moments of concentrated thinking and planning, then a tigerish smile curled her cherry lips, and she got very busy as she muttered:

"Oh, you Johnny Lewis! You're not going to get me! I've got more than one trick in my little bag."

She went to her desk, and with the most careful and exact movements proceeded to do a number of odd things.

First, she took from her gold-mounted purse the check that had been given to her by the elderly and susceptible Mr. Druce.

Then she tore out a blank check from the check-book which she had been using on the same bank in which Druce had his deposit. Next she went on to write most carefully a check for ten thousand dollars, made out to herself in exact imitation of the form, date and each peculiarity of writing of the hundred-dollar check which had been given to her for charity.

As the check-books were identical from which the two checks had been used, and her gift of forgery was almost miraculous, this was not difficult. She did not sign the big check, however, but, placing the two exactly together, she deliberately—but, oh, so very carefully—tore them both across. Then she matched the end of the hundred-dollar check, which had the genuine signature of J. M. Druce, with the other half of the ten-thousand-dollar check which she had written herself. It was a neat and perfect job, the edges matching exactly. Then she burned the two parts of the checks which were useless and put the two valuable parts in her purse.

Bella drew a long breath and nodded her head with grim satisfaction. Then she took a pen-knife and loosened a bit of the gold trimming about the edge of the purse, leaving a tiny sharp point, which could easily tear any bit of paper taken from the purse.

Her preparations for a visit to the bank the next morning were now complete.

With a genuine signature, a plausible story of having sold a legacy in the form of a villa in another town, but which only existed in her imagination, and the infatuation of the paying teller at the bank, she felt that she had a fate-defying scheme.

Now it only remained to dispose of the detective, for it would never do to have him on the scene the next morning when she visited the bank. If she only had arranged to make her getaway one day earlier! But that had been impossible, so desperate measures must be resorted to if necessary.

She had been so meticulous in all her actions that the time slipped away. It was after twelve. She turned off her lights and opened her door slightly. Bella knew the rooms that were usually given to transients, and could make a good guess as to which one would be occupied by the detective.

There was a longish wait. A bellboy passed with some ice water, and finally she heard the lift coming up. A springy step came along the corridor, and the door of 338 closed with a bang, but not before she had caught a glimpse of Johnny Lewis. She gave him ten minutes more, then nerved herself for her next move.

CHAPTER THREE

THERE was a swish of silken draperies and a gentle knock on the door of 338.

Detective Lewis opened the door and beheld Miss Delorme, all smiles and dimples. This was the very last thing he had expected her to do, and for a moment he could hardly believe his eyes.

Had she made a mistake, or was it sheer bravado? That any real danger lurked in the strange visit never entered his mind.

After a moment of incredulous surprise he decided to take his cue from her ready smile, and at least act as if he thought the move was meant to be friendly, so he flung open the door wide and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, peaches! So it really is you! I had a hasty glance, but wasn't sure, for I couldn't imagine you wasting time in a tank town like this. How about it, Bella?"

"May I come in a minute? I know it isn't just the thing to do, but I want a few words with you; it is important."

"Go as far as you like. Come in and tell me your troubles. But let me know if I am to be friend or foe. In other words, are you here on business, or is it a pleasure trip?"

His voice was hearty and even jolly, but his clear blue eyes had taken on that steely look which usually warned any one not to trust his good nature too far.

Miss Delorme closed the door and sat down rather gingerly on the edge of a chair, swinging her beaded bag in her hand.

She answered the detective's question by another:

"Did you know that Swifty Lon is dead?"

"Holy smoke! Is that so? When did he die?" said Johnny.

"About six months ago, and now that I am free I am trying to go straight and have a chance to marry well. You wouldn't stand in my way by telling certain things, would you?"

"Well," Johnny hesitated, "not unless it came in the way of duty. I'm no bum sport. Look here, is this on the level?"

"Sure it's on the level; the young man lives here, and we are engaged." Her voice trailed slowly over the words as she gave Detective Lewis a keen glance. It was a bit too keen, for he felt a cold chill run up his spine. He simply didn't believe her, and he backed away, shaking his head.

"No, Bella, I can't see you doing that. I know you really did care for Swifty Lon, and if he is dead, I don't see you marrying a small-town sport; nope, tell me something easier."

"But can't you believe that I am tired of the old games and feel that the time has come for security and easy comfort?"

"Suppose it's so, where do I come in? What do you want me to do or not to do?"

"Just don't give me away, that's all."

"Who's the guy, Bella?"

"Nelson D. Holmes of the Holden Bank here."

Detective Lewis threw back his head and roared.

"That's a good one; why, I know Nelse Holmes, and he has been as good as engaged to one of the town girls for years."

"Not now; I tell you we are engaged and are to be married soon, if—nothing—prevents," she gulped, as if she were going to cry.

"Oh, come, Bella, don't interfere in the town love affairs; I know you are a wizard with the boys, but don't make trouble here. Be a good girl. Check out in the morning, and leave the town as good and happy as you found it. Go down to the 'Ritz,' pick out some old millionaire and annex him. You are urban to the core, and this talk of a love affair with a village bank clerk don't sound healthy to me. Now, I warn

you, leave early to-morrow morning, and I'll be as silent as a clam."

"I think you will!" she suddenly hissed as she threw her arm about his neck and covered his face with the tiny handkerchief that she had drawn from her bag to stop the threatened tears. This play of half-crying over his doubt of her had been done so well that it had put him entirely off his guard, and he went down in a heap on the floor, a thoroughly helpless and harmless detective.

Miss Delorme waited a minute to be sure of the effect of the chloroform, then gave him a little push with her satin slipper to make an easier way for herself, clicked off the lights and crept out of the room with a smile, as if she had dined on a whole cage full of canaries.

CHAPTER FOUR

A BRIGHT and beautiful August morning found Miss Delorme in magnificent fettle. Garbed in a bewitching taillieur gown, she taxied to the bank, her gold-mounted purse in her dainty hand.

Young Mr. Holmes was in his cage, pale and anxious; he had passed a wakeful night; he had not known of her intended departure until her good-by the night before. And how on earth could a man make a successful proposal from the disadvantage of a steel cage? That was about seven million miles from the romantic surroundings that he would have wished. He had neither the wide experience nor the natural *savior faire* to invent his own situations; so he stood and trembled, a very nervous young man, as she came up to the window of his aforesaid cage, which never had appeared so hateful to him as at this moment.

Miss Delorme took a folded bit of paper from the gold-mounted purse, and a tiny pencil rolled toward the flustered teller. As he turned his eyes for the fraction of a second to recover the pencil she uttered a little exclamation, and held up the two ends of the torn check, holding them in her fingers so that it looked as if the edges still held at the upper corner. Then the two halves fluttered apart and settled in their appointed spot, exactly where they should be, in the centre of the grilled opening.

"Oh, Mr. Holmes!" It was a smothered shriek, but not loud enough to attract attention. "That confounded purse has torn it; what *will* I do?" gasped Bella in dismay.

"It's all there? That don't matter." He took it carelessly, but gave a start of surprise when he saw the amount.

For a second he seemed to forget the fascinating Miss Delorme, but she giggled nervously and engaged his eyes once more, and that made a big difference, for he felt his heart pounding and his forehead broke out in moisture.

"You see, it is Mr. Druce's check. He is so well known I did not think there would be any trouble. He bought my little place as a present for his wife and gave me the check yesterday. I can go get him to give me a duplicate if you say so, but that would delay me so, and I want to catch the noon train."

"Why not deposit this, Miss Delorme, and check against it when you get to the city, as you see fit to use it? I would not advise you to carry that amount in cash," said Holmes.

"Oh, if that isn't like a man! Don't you know that a woman never feels that a check is real money?" She sighed faintly. "I must confess that I never had that much before in my life, and I want to feel it in honest-to-goodness bills that I can spend just as I please."

It was so well done that a vista of needy years came to the young man's mind. It was none of his business, anyhow, but he still hesitated, fingering the two parts of the torn check.

The woman Bella had known many a moment of suspense in her career, but the seconds as they were ticked off each seemed a year. Every move of her had been calculated, and the result was almost in her hand. But a chill ran up her spine that was surely a warning. Crooks are the most superstitious people in the world, so a hundred wild thoughts raced through her mind.

She knew the weak point in her posi-

tion was the fact that the detective, Johnny Lewis, was probably recovering consciousness by this time, for she had not dared to give him more than a quieting quantity of chloroform, and he would be on the job as soon as he could get control of his spinning head.

She did not see how he could possibly know the nature of the swindle she had arranged so cleverly, but a sudden memory cut into her reflections that she had made a fatal mistake to have mentioned the name of the bank teller. But at the time she had imagined the detective to be a stranger in the town.

"Do you want this in large or small notes, Miss Delorme?"

Her mind was vibrating at such speed that the voice of Holmes sounded like thunder in her ears.

"Oh! In hundreds, I think; that won't be too bulky to carry, and they are convenient to change when shopping."

He reached for a bundle of neatly wrapped bills, and Bella grew pale and crimson by turn. She actually felt ashamed at her nervousness; like a rank amateur, she told herself, but another moment and she would be safely on her way to the depot

As the bank teller, still palpitating with the complexity of his emotions of years of caution, overcast with a few weeks of love's glamor, was in the very act of handing the rolls of currency through the wicket a large and well-manicured hand was placed in the way.

Miss Delorme gave a violent start and turned to confront two large and menacing men and two pairs of stern eyes in the persons of J. M. Druce and Detective Lewis, the latter unshaven and very much dishevelled, but "on the job."

Druce's voice was as cold as ice in Alaska.

"That is my check, I believe, Miss Delorme?"

"Your check?" the woman whispered sibilantly, trying to get her wits together. But the three men all gazing at her with varying degrees of mercilessness were too much for even her iron nerve. With a lightning-like movement she pulled a tiny pistol from her wrist bag and pressed it to her heart under the floating ends of her summer fur scarf.

Her hand was on the trigger, but Detective Lewis was too quick for that little act to be the climax of the drama. With a swift move he knocked it from her hand, and it fell with a clatter on the marble tiles of the floor.

"Not this time, Bella! You seem determined to make trouble for the Holden bank," Lewis snapped. "Now, keep quiet! Mr. Druce, what do you wish to be done in this matter?"

"First, I should like it explained to me just what has been done. There seems to be something wrong, but I fail to see just what it is at the present moment."

"Show him the check, Holmes," barked the detective.

"That is your signature, is it not, Mr. Druce?"

"It surely is," replied Druce as he gazed at the torn end.

"And this?" Here he was shown the other piece with the amount written in a hand so like his own.

"Ten thousand! Great guns!"

"But it has not been paid yet. I don't think it can be called a crime technically," the bank teller contributed in a thin and trembling voice, his eyes on the culprit.

Bella's great black eyes were suffused with real tears, for the failure of her scheme had hit her hard.

Druce thought a moment, then his voice came cold and harsh as ever, but a shadow of a smile lurked in his glance.

"Miss Delorme, you are a very clever and charming woman, but I think your activities had better be exercised in some distant place."

"You are very kind, Mr. Druce," she whispered.

"Clear out!" he answered as he opened the street door.

Detective Lewis looked a bit rueful, but he waved his hat after her vanishing figure and chuckled:

"On your way, Bella, but, by all the holy cats in Egypt! look out if you ever cross my path again!"

Stains in Crime Detection

By CARL H. GETZ

THE science of criminology has shown that it is not possible for a criminal to commit a crime without leaving some means of identification behind him. Besides finger-prints, which have been discussed at length in a previous article, there are these marks to be considered:

Footprints.
Tooth marks.
Substances held under the nails.
Dusts and muds.
Objects left behind by the criminal.
Marks of the criminal's entry.
Stains and spots.

Also, in practice, the post-mortem examination of a victim may reveal other important clues, such as the date of the last meal taken, which are beyond the scope of the detective and enter the domain of medical jurisprudence.

Both because hardwood floors, carpets and cement pavements only preserve the faintest trace of footprints, and still more because in almost every crime the scene is invaded very soon by the police and curiosity seekers, useful clues consisting of footprints are not often found.

Henry Gross, an authority on the subject, gives an amusing example of a case of actual tracking carried out in France recently. The detective followed footprints on a dusty road. To continue:

"He has met some one he knew. His tracks cross the road obliquely; that of the person coming to meet him do the same thing.

"Both of them speak a long time together, for they have often changed the position of their feet.

"One of them has tapped out his pipe, for there are ashes on the road. He has relighted it, for several matches recently lighted are lying by the side; some of them are still pressed into the ground by the heel.

"He then continued his way, and another man accompanied him, for their footprints run on together.

"The pipe was burning well, and contained strong tobacco, for he spat several times.

"The second man is the smallest, for eleven of his footprints go to ten of the first.

"Sixty paces further on we find an inn, and the trail leads to it.

"We find the trail again, and we are certain it is the same. However, it now looks different. Sometimes it is at the edge of the road, sometimes in the centre. Sometimes the steps have been small, sometimes large, and they cross each other in a strange manner. We deduce the men have remained drinking too long at the inn."

Many cases are on record of the conviction of criminals by the evidence left behind by their feet. One may be given.

About 1855 in France an incendiary named Petit emphatically denied his crime. He would probably have been acquitted had not one of the witnesses showed the judge a curious aspect of the footprint of the incendiary which had been registered by a mould. On the mould was observed a small hollow in the middle of the instep. The accused was immediately ordered to take his boots off and to place his foot next to the mould. At the exact spot of the hollow Petit had under his foot a corn which adapted itself to it perfectly. He was condemned to death and executed at Rouen.

In modeling and preserving footprints it is essential to act quickly so that the weather has no chance to efface an important clue. The detective, therefore, at once places a glass bowl or flower pot over the marks he

has noted. The mold is made with plaster-of-paris. He begins by oiling the print by shaking small drops of oil off a brush onto it. When the whole design is covered with the drops the plaster is poured in, and small pieces of stick and wire are thrown in to help in the solidity of the final mold. The mold is left to dry, and is taken off when it has begun to heat, which is a sign that it has "taken." It is then brushed under a tap to free it from earth.

In fine sand or dust it is not possible to oil the footprint, for each drop would drag away particles of the dust. A milky paste of plaster is prepared, extremely "fat," and a thin coat is applied with the greatest care to the track. Gum is also often used for this first coat, which is followed up by a thicker one, as before. Gum is especially good in muddy ground.

In snow Hodann's method is sometimes used. It consists of sifting onto the track a mixture of plaster, fine sand and cement, which is covered up with a rag drenched in ice water. Two or three hours are needed before the mold can be withdrawn. The best method, however, is by means of kneaded plaster, which is pressed in gently and by minute blobs.

The identification of the boot is made by comparing the way in which the nails are arranged, the malformations of the heel through use, etc. Rubber heels are of real help to the police because they leave traces even on wood floors and because of the immense variety of makes and patterns.

Sometimes the criminal attempts to outwit the police by fixing the sole of another person's boot under his own, but such a process, often detected by the mark left by the original sole overlaping the false, is not common, and is much too much trouble and handicap for all but the cleverest of burglars.

The marks of wheels often give good clues. In a recent murder case the marks of a rubber tire played an important part in the evidence used against the accused. The varied designs of tires are of help, and marks of wear and tear are often useful to individualize the track beyond doubt.

Marks of teeth are sometimes of use, either those left by a brutal assassin on the skin of his victim or, more generally, those left behind in half-eaten foodstuffs on the scene of the crime. Burglars are often greedy. Many have owed their detection to this. Arthur Morrison makes a whole case against a murderer hang on a bitten apple. About a similar case the Boston *Medical Journal* said:

"A detective charged with an inquiry of a burglary picked up on the scene of the crime an apple with the mark of a bite in it, and noticed that the mark left by two of the incisors was of curious and unusual form. He took this clue as the only base of his search, putting the 'evidence' in a glass of water to preserve it.

"Suspecting a negro, he bought several apples and started to eat one in front of the man and offered him one. The latter bit the fruit. The detective looked at the mark, and arrested the man on the spot. On him was found some of the stolen property."

Plaster molds of tooth-marks are taken in the same way that footprints are, or they may be done in wax or resin, as is customary with dentists.

Nails have been studied by doctors in view of the distinctive wounds they may leave. Another thing may be sought for, often neglected by investigators. The examination of the matter under the nail of a criminal, usually a stranger to the arts of the manicurist, may afford valuable clues as to what he has been touching.

The microscope has revealed minute spots of blood and traces of cloth scratched from the clothes of the victim.

Manicure, according to Dr. Edmond Locard in his authoritative work, "Criminal Inquiry," is the first process that a suspected man should get at the police station. The hair or dust under the nail of a victim who had struggled is also worthy of attention.

Sherlock Holmes's curious idea of studying the mud on the door mat and the dust in the seams of a pocket is not despised by the real-life detective. Often a good clue is to be found in such trifles.

In a recent case the criminal steadfastly refused to reveal the hiding-place of some

stolen jewels. The boots he wore when arrested at his home were inspected. On the sole, says Doctor Locard, some grains of fine river sand were found, sandwiched between thin layers of dried mud. A brook bordered with the same sand was known to exist a mile or two from his cottage. It was explored and the booty found among the reeds.

Suspected incendiarism of a mill near Lyons was explained by the discovery on the boots of a suspect of two layers of mud, left by his coming and going on the road to the mill, and embedded between them a white substance, which under the microscope turned out to be flour and bran. The man confessed.

The dust in the seams of the coat or in pocket linings is more often useful as a clue to the antecedents of the owner.

There are "professional dusts" just as there are professional "malformations" of the fingers and thumbs. Dust from the sleeves of a locksmith under the microscope is observably different from that which collects in the working clothes of a joiner, a cabinet-maker, a chemist or mason. The clothes of coiners, for example, have almost always been found to contain metallic dusts, which show that they have been worn at work different from that claimed.

Recently the police laboratory at Lyons has been able to say not only what metals dust coiners used, but even what the proportions were used, from the microscopic study of such.

If a garment has been left on the scene of a crime by a careless criminal it is taken to the laboratory, stuffed into a tough paper bag and beaten thoroughly. The dust which collects in the bottom of the bag is carefully collected and examined by the microscopist. Possibly minute fragments of wood may be found; thus the criminal may be a carpenter or joiner. But minute specks of glue might lead to the conclusion that the latter is the real trade of the owner of the coat.

Naturally such a clue is not conclusive. It may be a second-hand coat and the last wearer never have done an honest day's work in his life, but it is something to work on, later to be fitted in its true relation with the other evidence. Experience has shown it to be a real help to the detective.

The drawback is that such a method of inquiry requires an expert to be found to whom all dust and mud clues would be submitted.

French detectives do not trouble much about tobacco ash found during their inquiry, even though the variety of tobacco used in France is much less than in England and in this country. Yet it is perfectly possible to distinguish between different sorts of tobacco ash, and in other countries attention to this point is well repaid.

Stains, particularly bloodstains, are clues from which much is expected. Yet the problem of distinguishing clotted human blood, unless it is present in quantity, from that of animals is difficult, and the ideal technique is yet to be found.

The first step is for the chemist to recognize the suspect stain as blood. The "Florence" reaction, by which minute bubbles are left by blood alone, is negative and old blood clots may pass undetected. Teichman's Method, which looks for the formation of hematine crystals, is better, but still uncertain, as are all methods of crystalline identification, owing to the similarity of the crystals formed by other substances to those of blood. The spectroscope is sometimes used for large stains, and many other devices, all of them extreme delicacy.

The problem of the identification of human blood clots or stains is the unsolved riddle of medical jurisprdence. It is a matter which the detective must leave in the hands of the most learned analysts.

The tendency of modern methods of crime detection is increasingly to ask the scientist, especially the chemist and the microscopist, for assistance. The skill of the man on the spot is shown more by the care with which he gathers and preserves for the laboratory infinitely small clues left by the criminal than in his logic and imagination.

Man cannot commit crime without leaving some definite trace behind him. It is science's task to find and interpret that trace. As each day goes by science is becoming more and more proficient.

The Mind Reader

by Frederick C. Davis

CHAPTER ONE

IN the dark room a single spot of blue-green light danced about like a mammoth firefly. Curtains were drawn so closely that none of the rays from the corner arc-light penetrated the utter blackness. As the spot of light streaked through the soundless air the deep boom of a hall clock vibrated through the heavy curtains which hung over the door. The gong sounded once solemnly.

A man by the wall proceeded silently with his work. Once he glanced over his shoulder. He imagined that he could see, even through the darkness, a still form at the table.

Slumped forward, chin on chest, an elderly man sat in a chair. He wore dressing-gown and slippers and appeared to be deep in slumber.

The other man's body tensed suddenly. Into the stillness of the room cut the shrill clamor of a telephone bell. It screamed once prolongedly. The man at the wall cursed under his breath, and the blue-green spot jumped back into the gulf of darkness. Then utter silence reigned again. The man at the table did not move to answer the call, even though the instrument sat only a few inches from his dangling hands. He did not answer because he was dead.

Again, stridently, shrilly, the telephone rang. The man at the wall sucked in his breath; stared through the darkness, strained his ears for any sound from above. But no noise came. No one else heard the ringing of the bell. Nevertheless the crouching man kept his position, tense for five minutes. The phone bell's clamor was not repeated. Then the blue spot again shot from the darkness and sent a ghostly glow over the opened wall-safe, and the man at the yawning safe resumed his movements.

The telephone on the table now was silent, as silent as the dead man in the chair who stared unseeingly at it.

CHAPTER TWO

NEXT morning Chief Reardon and Detective Harland at headquarters put their heads together over the murder of Silas Abingden, which had occurred the night before.

"He was a heartless old crab," the chief declared, "and I can't feel very sorry for him."

"You're right," Harland agreed. "He was almost worried to death by his own money, but that didn't stop him from getting more all the time."

According to police records, during the night which had just passed Silas Abingden, a man of unlimited wealth, had been killed in his home. He was found early the next morning by his manservant. Abingden was garbed in dressing-gown and slippers, and was seated by his table, where he had customarily worked over his papers until very late every night. A close search of the rooms had disclosed that nothing apparently had been stolen by the murderer.

"The motive wasn't robbery," Chief Reardon gave as his opinion. "There was money in a small safe in the corner."

"There are plenty of men who hated Abingden," Harland informed his chief. "Wasn't there a split-up a little while ago between Abingden and his nephew?"

"There was. The boy, you remember, married a girl his uncle did not like."

Harry Abingden, nephew of the murdered man, had married, six months before, a girl who had no social position and even less money. The boy had married for love, a word seemed to have been omitted from the uncle's lexicon. Old Abingden became furious upon hearing of his nephew's marriage. The boy had refused to cut away from the girl he loved, and the upshot of the matter was that the uncle had ordered the nephew from the house, had cut him out of his will, and had utterly suspended his income. Harry Abingden was reduced to the position of a common clerk, with no money to support his wife and himself except a meager salary.

"We've got to look up Harry Abingden," the chief told Harland. "If he can't establish an alibi for last night he'll be in a mighty bad way."

"I've met the boy and like his looks. I'm sure he's not mixed up in this deal," said the detective.

"You never can tell. Now, Harland, you——"

The door opened and a clerk entered. The chief shot an interrogative glance at the intruder.

"Man to see you, chief."

"What's his name?"

"Says you wouldn't know him."

"What's his business?"

"Says he's got informtaion about the Abingden case."

"He has, eh? Show him in."

The man who appeared in the doorway was large and portly. His flesh hung loosely on him, like a badly fitting garment, his heavy cheeks sagged, and his blue eyes were surrounded by a darkened area—above by heavy, straggling eyebrows, and below by hanging pouches. He wheezed audibly as he paused by the door. Both police officers sized him up as dissipated, and they wondered how this man could have any connection with Silas Abingden.

"Good-afternoon, Chief Reardon," the fleshy visitor greeted; "same to you, Detective Harland."

Both officers sat up. This man knew their names, but they were not acquainted with him.

"Mind if I sit down?" the obese man wheezed as he lowered himself to a chair without waiting for permission.

"Your name is——" the chief began.

"Professor Woodson."

"Woodson? I don't know that——"

"Oh, yes, you know me. A few days ago one of your men tried to run me out of town."

The chief's face assumed a blank look.

"He tried to run me out of town," the corpulent one breathed, "because I profess to be a fortune-teller."

"Oh! *Now* I remember you."

"I thought you would. Now, I'm going to get down to business. I'm damned tired of being chased from town to town by a gang of cops. You listen to me. I'm no fake. Of course I deal in bunk when I foretell the future, because people demand that, but other than that I'm the real thing, and I propose to prove it. I came here this afternoon to offer to aid you in capturing the murderer of that Abingden, and in return I want you to allow me to remain in town to practice my profession."

The chief grinned incredulously.

"How do you think you can aid us?"

"Because I am a born psychic—a mind-reader."

The chief's grin widened.

"So you think you can read people's minds, eh?" he asked skeptically.

"I'm positive of it. I've done it for years. You needn't look so skeptical. I'll prove it to you. I'm not practicing fakery, and if you'll be good enough to listen I'll explain. I'm merely a freak of nature; a freak on the mental side. It works this way: No one ever really forgets anything. Anything and everything you ever said, heard, experienced, did, thought—all these memories are locked up in what is called your subconscious mind. Your conscious mind forgets these things, but your subconscious mind never forgets. You remember at this minute every incident of your childhood—not in your conscious brain, but in your subconscious one. That much is firmly established psychology.

"Thought transference, too, is a scientific fact. There is no supposition about it. It is an accomplished thing. Scientific investigators have examined me, and have pronounced me a very fine example of a person born with the gift of telepathy.

"The larger part of most brains is the conscious mind. But with me the largest part of my mind is the subconscious mind. You see, I'm a mental freak of nature, just as a six-hundred-pound woman is a physical freak. My enlarged subconscious mind enables me to read your mind without an effort. I can't stop it. I'm not talking bunk. I can name others whose brains are formed just like mine. For instance, Eugenie Dennis, a girl still in her teens, living in Atchison, who has given public readings in Kansas City theatres. She is essentially the same sort of mental being that I am. And I am not giving you my personal theory of it, but the explanation advanced by experts in psychology."

The chief and Harland heard the fleshy man through without an interruption.

"I've heard of the Dennis girl," the chief finally commented. "She's no fake, I know. And do you mean to tell me, Woodson, that you can read my mind?"

"I certainly can. I know exactly what Harland is thinking at this moment, and I tell him he is wrong!"

Harland laughed.

"I was thinking you're a good talker, and nothing more," he admitted.

"I knew that," the professor said boredly. "Now, if you'll listen I'll give you a demonstration."

"Harland, you have in your mind that last night your home was robbed. Some one jimmied a window and attempted to break into a bond-box which you keep in the bottom of your bureau, but he was unsuccessful."

"You probably got that information," Harland retorted, smiling, "by reading the morning newspaper. Of course I had the incident in my mind."

"Then I'll tell you something that wasn't in the newspaper; something that you didn't know yourself until *after* you'd given the dope to the reporters. The thief took four five-dollar bills from the billfold in your trousers, which were hanging from the chandelier. You have told no one that, have you?"

"You win!" Harland gasped. "That's right!"

"Can't I convince you, gentlemen?"

"You might be just a good guesser," Harland countered.

Woodson wheezed out a sigh.

"Chief, you don't remember how many cigars you've got in that box on top of your desk, do you? Think hard. I see you don't remember. Well, I know. There are nine."

The chief counted nine cigars in the box and nodded. He and the detective were greatly amused at the professor's skill.

"I see I have convinced you, chief; but, Harland, there is a piece of paper and a pencil on the chief's desk. Write any number on it, and don't let me see it."

With the paper hidden from Woodson's view behind a curved palm Harland wrote a number on the bit of paper. Before he finished the last stroke the fleshy man told him calmly that the number was 4.

"Right," nodded Harland.

"You see, I am a genuine mind-reader. I guess it's evident that I am able to examine your witnesses quicker than a dozen

lawyers. Let me get a look at them, and I'll tell at once whether they are lying or are the guilty party. Do you believe that?"

"I can't see how we can doubt it," the chief said, to lead him on.

"All right. I'll help you. We can make this a record-speed case, chief. Round up all your suspects, and I'll pick out the guilty party inside one minute. You'll have an easy time getting a confession after I tell him what he did. And in return for that favor I hope you will allow me to stay in town and practice my business, which is perfectly harmless. It's agreed, isn't it?"

"It's agreed," said Reardon, winking at the detective.

Then the fleshy man wheezingly turned and walked from the office. The chief rubbed his palms together elatedly.

"Pity the murderer, Harland," he exclaimed. "That man can't be anything but the genuine king-pin mind-reader. Why, we'll solve this case so fast, old man, we'll make the newspapers dizzy! I must admit that Woodson gave us a surprising performance of telepathy."

CHAPTER THREE

HARRY ABINGDEN entered the door of his home, his bearing indicating that he was exceedingly downcast. A pretty little woman seated at the table arose as he entered. She looked at him inquiringly, but he avoided her eyes.

"No, I didn't find any work," he said hopelessly.

"Oh, Harry, but you will. You'll find another job soon. It will take a little time, dear. But you mustn't do anything again like you did last night; I know you were desperate, but you won't, will you?"

"I promise."

"And you'll keep your promise, I know."

Abingden sank into a chair and stared dully at the floor. A few moments later he was aroused by a sharp rap on the door. He glanced in fright at his wife, who was sewing at the table, and her replying glance was filled with terror. Abingden arose and stepped resolutely forward. He opened the door and looked into the face of Detective Bruce Harland.

"Harry Abingden?" Harland asked.

"Yes."

"I'm Harland from headquarters."

Abingden turned deathly pale and gasped.

"Well?" he asked uneasily.

"The chief would like to ask you a few questions about last night, Abingden."

"A-all right."

He turned, and his body relaxed to a posture of hopelessness; then he kissed his anxious wife good-by and left with the detective. They walked silently to headquarters. Inside, Abingden was led to the chief's office. He was stationed before the desk, and Reardon turned his keen gray eyes on him.

"You're Harry Abingden, aren't you?" he demanded accusingly.

"I am," the young fellow assented.

Harland now leaned forward and whispered in his chief's ear:

"I stopped in at Silas Abingden's, on the way to get this young fellow, and questioned the manservant. He said that young Abingden called at the house and quarreled violently with his uncle yesterday afternoon."

The chief straightened and continued his questioning:

"Your uncle was murdered last night; you know that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sorry?"

Abingden hesitated. A puzzled expression crept over his face. "He treated me shabbily," he muttered finally.

The chief raised an accusing forefinger.

"Now, Abingden, we know there was no lost love between yourself and your uncle. Yesterday afternoon you quarreled violently with him, didn't you?"

Abingden started.

"Y-yes," he reluctantly admitted.

"Oh, you admit it, eh? Now, just tell us where you were last night?"

"I was home."

"At what time were you home?"

"In—in the evening."

"Were you there at eleven o'clock?"

The coroner had figured that the dead man had been stabbed between eleven and one o'clock.

Abingden's face flushed slowly at the question. He glanced quickly around him.

"I'm not on trial!" he objected doggedly. "You have no right to ask me these questions!"

"Answer me!" the chief roared. "Where were you at eleven o'clock last night?"

"I refuse to answer!"

"What's that? You refuse to account for your actions at that time?"

Abingden maintained a stubborn silence.

"Young man, you're a blasted fool. We're going to lock you up."

"What!"

"We're going to hold you as a suspect for the murder of your uncle."

"You think I killed him?"

"We certainly do! There's no doubt of it."

"I didn't do it! I didn't kill Uncle Silas. I can prove it."

"Oh, you can prove it, eh? How?"

"I was——"

But Abingden stopped and shut his jaws with a click. His face blended from an angry red to a pasty white. He glanced around again, like an animal at bay.

"You were where?" the chief urged smoothly.

"I cannot tell you!" the young man reiterated stoutly.

"Very well," the chief barked with a dismissing wave of his hand. "Send him to a cell, Harland. They all act this way. But he'll talk later!"

CHAPTER FOUR

HARLAND shook his head solemnly as later he walked from the chief's office. The detective was a natural reader of character; he absorbed a man's nature at a glance, and he felt very strongly that Harry Abingden was not guilty of the crime he was charged with. The young man's clean-cut face, denoting an unimpeachable character, belied such a thing.

Yet the evidence against him was damning. By subsequent questions Harland had learned from Abingden's unsuspecting wife that her husband had left the house at eleven o'clock on the night of the murder and had not returned until about one o'clock. She knew where he had been during his absence, but stoutly refused to disclose anything further to the detective. This strengthened the case against Abingden. That he had murdered his uncle appeared to be an obvious solution of the mystery.

The fact that he had lived through six months of unrelenting hate toward his uncle, and had quarreled violently with the old man on the day of the killing, was a damning piece of evidence against him.

During his walk to his own home Harland pondered over the case.

The robbery of his own home had occurred on the night of the Abingden murder.

Harland somehow felt loath to accept the testimony of the psychic, but could do nothing but admit that some of the man's demonstration was undeniably genuine. The burglar who had broken into Harland's house had tried to pry into a steel bond-box and had failed; he then had extracted twenty dollars from Harland's trousers pocket and had made his get-away.

Harland ate his dinner slowly and meditatively. At the end of the meal his wife suddenly remembered that the postman had brought a special delivery letter for Harland that morning. The officer ripped the envelope absently, but his eyes opened wide as he saw its contents.

"Why, look here!" he exclaimed to his wife.

The envelope contained four five-dollar bills. They were, without doubt, the same bills which had been stolen from his house by the burglar the night before. And now they were returned to him! Not a line of writing was in the envelope—only the four banknotes.

"Some crook grew a sick conscience," Harland said, smiling with satisfaction as he pocketed the money, "or else he got

scared when he discovered he'd robbed a detective's house!"

CHAPTER FIVE

IN the afternoon the beaming Chief Reardon called Harland to his office and disclosed a plan to him.

"We've got another suspect," he informed the detective. "It is a tramp the policeman on the beat found hanging around the alley near old man Abingden's home last night. He looked crooked. And say, I've got a little scheme fixed up. If Woodson is a fake we'll fool him sure. Listen."

Chief Reardon outlined his plan. He would allow Woodson, the mind-reader, to investigate the suspects in order. Young Abingden and the tramp would be put before him with a policeman dressed in plain clothes, who, Reardon would tell Woodson, was another suspect. This would be done so that the chief could test Woodson's psychic power unknown to the professor.

"That's a good plan," Harland agreed. "You're going to do it this afternoon?"

"Right away. Woodson is coming now."

"Chief, I'd like to have a few words with young Abingden before Woodson sees him."

"Go ahead."

Harland went to Abingden's cell. For fifteen minutes he remained there, talking earnestly with the young man. Finally he emerged with his lips curved in a smile of triumph. He went back to the chief's office, and had just taken a chair when Woodson entered.

"Afternoon," he said briefly. "Ready? I haven't much time."

"The chief is going to test you," Harland explained, rising. "I'm busy this afternoon, so I'll have to go."

As Woodson nodded Harland withdrew. The detective toed down the steps quickly, and walking rapidly, turned toward the business district of the town.

In the office Professor Woodson seated himself in the chair Harland had vacated with the chief close beside him.

"We're going to parade the suspects in front of you, Woodson, and you are to do the picking."

"I'm ready," the fleshy man wheezed.

"Bring suspect number one," the chief ordered of an officer.

The first prisoner entered. He was stoop-shouldered, shifty-eyed and dressed plainly. He paused in front of the desk while the mind-reader's eyes roamed over him. Then Woodson spoke sneeringly:

"Are you trying to make a fool out of me, Reardon? That's a mighty poor trick! This man isn't a suspect. He's a patrolman. Cut out the comedy and bring on the real ones."

Chief Reardon gasped, for Woodson either knew who the cop was or he was a marvel at mind-reading.

"All right, Hastings," he said meekly to the "suspect," and Woodson smiled. "Get back into your uniform," the embarrassed chief said to the warden. "Bring out the tramp."

A moment later a disheveled, dirty and bewhiskered hobo was brought into the room. He was red-eyed and covered with tattered clothing. The yegg ogled the two men craftily as Woodson glanced at him. Then the professor turned calmly to the chief and gave his verdict:

"Not guilty. He wasn't inside the Abingden home."

The tramp started and grinned.

"My Gawd!" he gasped. "How'd you know?"

The tramp was led away, while the chief smiled encouragingly. "There's not the slightest doubt that you are the real thing," he said. "Now you'll have another chance to show your skill," and he gestured to the warden.

Harry Abingden was led into the room. The young man stared inquiringly at the two inquisitors. Instantly Woodson sat bolt upright, staring fixedly at him.

"Harry Abingden," Woodson muttered. Then he turned to the chief and declared: "There's your man! He killed his uncle!"

"That's a lie!" Abingden flashed.

"It isn't a lie!" Woodson answered swiftly. "I can tell you every movement you made last night. You left your home at eleven o'clock. You went to your uncle's house. You killed him with a dagger. The hall clock struck eleven-thirty just after you killed him! Then you went away."

"That's a lie!"

"It is not!"

"I swear it's a black lie!" Abingden's fists were clenched and his body trembling. Woodson had risen and was wheezing audibly in his excitement. The chief rose and stood beside the mind-reader.

"Quiet!" he ordered. "Abingden, we're willing to give you the benefit of every doubt. Woodson here can tell in a flash whether or not you're lying. But on the other hand, I'd hesitate to accept such evidence. Woodson, can you give me another bit of evidence that is undeniable—something clinching, that Abingden can't worm out of?"

Woodson bent over the desk, peering sharply at the prisoner.

"I can," he announced finally.

"What is it?" the chief demanded.

"The newspapers stated that nothing was stolen. They are wrong. Something *was* stolen. Money! And it was taken from a hidden safe that only two persons in the world knew the location of. One of those persons was Silas Abingden, and the other was this man."

Harry gulped inarticulately.

"The safe was under a picture in the library, hidden very cleverly, so no one in the world knew of its location except old Abingden. He kept large sums of money there. I read that plainly in the prisoner's mind. You learned the location of the safe. Isn't that true?"

The young man gulped again.

"Y-y-yes," he assented.

"Last night you opened that safe. *You,* because you are the only living being who knew of its location, since old Abingden was dead!" The mind-reader then turned triumphantly to the chief. "There is your convicting bit of evidence. After this man killed his uncle he opened the safe and looted it. He was the only living being who knew of its existence; he closed it again after rifling it, so that it appeared as if nothing was stolen. If you will go to Abingden's house you will find the safe where I said, and if you can open it you will find it empty and twenty thousand dollars missing, which this man stole!"

"That's a damned lie!" Harry Abingden cried furiously.

"Quiet!" the chief ordered. "Abingden, that settles you. I have enough faith in this man to know that what he says is true. You are guilty of your uncle's murder!"

"It's a lie, I tell you!"

"He's right, chief," came the calm voice of Detective Harland from the door. "That is a lie. Harry Abingden did not kill his uncle, and I can prove it!"

CHAPTER SIX

THE chief's face was very red, and Abingden's was very pale, as Harland came back into the room. Woodson sank into a chair, wheezing angrily, his fleshy face working. Harland halted beside the desk and spoke calmly:

"Sit down, chief. I'll explain. Abingden did not kill his uncle, and I can prove it."

"You're a crazy fool!" Woodson snapped. "That boy's mind is as transparent to me as glass."

"In the first place, Woodson," Harland began, "I don't discount your ability as a mind-reader. You certainly are a psychic of very fine ability, and you have read our mind plainly and clearly. You are no fake. However, there are several points which I wish to clear up.

"Harry Abingden refused to account for his actions last night for a very good reason. In his cell I pleaded with him, and he finally confessed his whereabouts. And I accept his word unquestioningly, because I have just proved that what he said is true.

"Every one doesn't know it, but all telephone calls put through the exchanges after eleven o'clock are recorded. You see, Central writes down the number of the party calling and that of the party called; then

she repeats the number to the party calling a second time. This is done to prevent a wrong number being rung, and so disturbing patrons, so late at night, who are not wanted on the call. That's clear, isn't it?

"Now, listen. Yesterday afternoon Harry Abingden went to his uncle and pleaded for leniency. He was penniless and out of work. His uncle refused him any aid. In a rage Harry declared that he would not be responsible for his actions; that he would do his best to avenge himself. This was the quarrel which the manservants had overheard.

"That night at eleven o'clock, Harry tells me, he left home in a desperate frame of mind and broke into a house with the intention of burglarizing it. He stole twenty dollars from that house, gentlemen, and that house was my own. Yes, young Abingden broke into my house and robbed it. You see now why he refused to tell where he was last night?

"As he was preparing to leave anger got the best of him when he recalled his uncle's refusal to help him. He decided it would be a telling blow to his uncle's pride to telephone him from the house he was robbing and to tell old Abingden of his criminal act. Accordingly he very quietly sent a call over my telephone to his uncle's house. That was very shortly after eleven-thirty. Old Abingden did not answer the phone. By going to the telephone exchange I saw, by referring to their records, that he told the truth.

"Therefore, since Harry was at my house at the time of the murder, he certainly couldn't have killed his uncle!"

The chief's face was a blank. "Then *who* did kill Abingden?" he demanded.

"Chief, use common sense! I was standing outside just now when Woodson told about that hidden safe. Woodson said that just two persons knew of its location. How did Woodson know of it also? And, Woodson, how do you know twenty thousand dollars are missing from that safe, when there is no living mind to read that from?"

"I read it in the prisoner's mind," Woodson answered.

"You lie!" snapped the detective. "You are only saying that to incriminate Harry Abingden. Now how did you know where the safe was and what it contained? That mind-reading bunk don't go. We've been fooling you to find out just what you do know about this case, and I think we've trapped you. It looks to me, Woodson, as if *you* are the only man in the world who could——"

"Who could have murdered old Abingden?" the mind-reader supplied calmly.

"Exactly!"

"You mean that no one, not even a mind-reader, could know so much about the crime as the murderer?"

"Precisely!"

"And therefore you think I killed Abingden for the money in the wall-safe?" Woodson inquired with amazing coolness.

"I do!"

"Well, Harland, you're plumb crazy."

"We'll see!" exclaimed the detective, and he blew a whistle and several officers rushed in and grabbed the mind-reader. He was searched, and the sum of $20,000 was found in his pocket. Then he got the third degree, and when they got through with him an admission of guilt was wrung from his parched lips.

Chief Reardon jabbed a trembling forefinger at the psychic.

"You devil!" he cried. "You made a fool of me! Let you stay here and practice your trade, eh? You blasted hound, you'll stay here longer than you think, for you'll swing for that murder and robbery, and the man you tried to fasten the guilt on will go free."

Detective Harland's hand was clasping Harry Abingden's.

"Better let the little wife know of this right away, son. She was the one who prevailed upon you to return that money to me, wasn't she? I thought so! And, Abingden, I can't believe your uncle was so hard that he didn't leave you a goodly lump in his will. At least I hope he did. Now run on to the wife, and tell her I'll not prosecute you for the burglary, as we've trapped the mind-reader."

A Great Detective

A CHEMIST of recent years has become the best-known detective in France. Edmond Bayle is a small, dark, quiet man; he works in a modern-equipped laboratory in the Palais de Justice; he is feared by criminals of all classes, and his ultimate fame promises to surpass that of Alphonse Bertillon, the French finger-print expert who died in 1914.

Doctor Bayle is chief of the technical bureau of the Paris police department. Here all the criminal information of the Republic is concentrated, classified and studied. From this bureau the expert chemist and physicist gives directions in the field of criminal detection. So successful has he been that the ignorant criminal classes have come to regard him as a worker in Black Magic.

His unique methods have been studied by the police department of New York City. Doctor Bayle rarely gives much attention to the personality of criminals or their particular psychology. He works rather with material things. His workshop consists of many rooms and passageways equipped with all the paraphernalia of a big industrial laboratory, and includes a photograph gallery.

He has spectroscopes, microscopes and X-ray machines by the dozen, each fitted for a special purpose such as examining blood spots, forged documents, counterfeit money, powder-burned clothes, and the wreckage that is picked up on a criminal trail.

Doctor Bayle's study is lined with books on science and catalogue records of his work. In the records of his bureau there are registered no less than eight million names of persons involved in crimes, past and present.

"The detection of crime to-day is something very different from the popular conception," said Doctor Bayle to an Associated Press correspondent. "The Sherlock Holmes and Arsene Lupin stories of great criminals and their feats are no doubt most entertaining, but that is all I can say for them. From my point of view there is no crime that cannot be detected that does not leave its traces behind, at least theoretically. For one thing criminals, as a rule, are not very intelligent. The uneducated man usually commits crimes of passion and brutality; the educated man runs to fraud.

"My methods astound the ignorant criminals, and they have come to fear me when I enter the courts. The so-called intelligent professional criminals seem to have begun to try to thwart me, in a small way. Nowadays they endeavor, by wearing gloves, not to leave finger-prints behind, but we have reached the point where their finger-prints through gloves can be detected.

"Crime is really not very mysterious. The curious point to me is that the crimes which interest me most do not interest the public.

"There has been very great progress made in the detection of crime during the last six or eight years, particularly through the application of chemistry and photography to detection.

"In my opinion we are not yet in sight of a crimeless civilization. Crime is a part of human nature. Much of it is spontaneous. The fear of detection and punishment will not prevent it.

"I would like to point out that part of our endeavor has been to help to protect innocence, and prevent the miscarriage of justice. Science does not seek to convict. It looks for the truth, no more and no less.

"During the war a spy case, that of a certain Vigo, alias Almereyda, attracted much public attention. The man was found dead in his cell, and there were those who claimed he had been assassinated. The only evidence was two spots on his shoe laces.

By comparative analysis of these, one I found to be mud and the other paint off his bed, and I was able to conclude he had hanged himself and thus clear the jailers of guilt.

"Another case: During the war a young captain wrote his mother the night before a battle in which he was killed. A postscript to the letter revoked a former will in favor of his wife. By analysis of the ink and the handwriting in this postscript it was shown that the mother had forged his signature. She confessed it, though her confession added nothing to the value of the proof.

"We are beginning to eliminate eye-witness proof in crime. We prefer our own, as eye-witnesses distort the facts without sometimes wishing to. Science cannot lie."

POST-OFFICE DETECTIVES

LETTER-CARRIERS and postal clerks, being human, and liable to yield to temptation, they are thought to need a little watching sometimes. They get it. If the post-office officials find out that a postman is spending rather more than they think he can afford, they speak to one of their detectives, and the man is quietly shadowed. Or a letter-sorter may have a weakness for racing, which probably means betting. Every letter that the sorter handles for a time is followed by a lynx-like pair of eyes, and should the man's indulgences tempt him to forget honesty, he is promptly cornered and punished.

The postal department has one of the cleverest detective systems in the world. We hear very little of it, because we are not meant to. It is just as well that we should not be made too well acquainted—especially through the medium of police courts—with the risks postal clerks sometimes run through temptation.

Post-office detectives, nevertheless, are kept fairly busy. To-morrow, should your firm discover that important letters which contained money have gone astray, the detectives will take the matter in hand. They will find out the sorter and the carrier through whose hands the letters passed, or ought to have passed. If the missing letters fail to turn up, the shadowers will mark certain envelopes with a private mark, insert postal orders on marked bank-notes, and track them. Very soon the mystery will have been cleared, those responsible will have been dealt with, and innocent men who may have been suspected will breathe freely once again

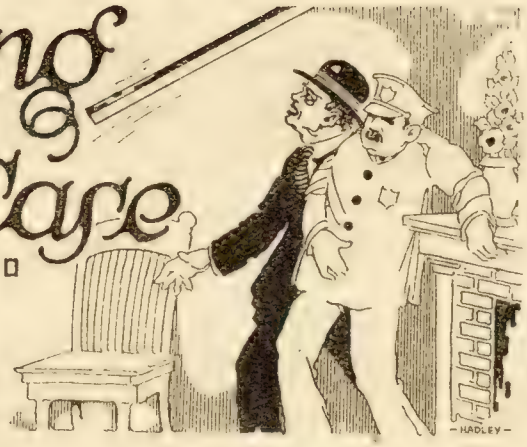
Letters which go astray are not nearly so common as they used to be. In the old days the necessity for shadowing was so great that the detectives were stationed in cells constructed in the ceiling, and they used to watch the men through grilles. Tales of stolen letters are not as common as heretofore. The test-letter is a menace that is greatly feared, and one which seldom fails to bring the thief to justice.

But there are other fields of operation for the post-office detective. Supposing to-morrow some hitherto unknown individual were to receive a big batch of letters, and that his mail-bag was a big one the next day and for a few weeks, interest would be aroused naturally. The postal department reserves the right in a case like this to open some of the letters. If the particular individual was found to belong to the class of bogus advertisers who ask correspondents to enclose stamps or money, he would be called upon immediately by an inspector of the Secret Service Department, and very soon his delivery would become less and less, and perhaps might be entirely suppressed.

There are also masses of pernicious literature to be hunted up, investigated and confiscated. Perhaps the most regrettable feature of the post-office detective's work is that the pilferers it reveals are not, as a rule, newcomers, but old and trusted servants. Occasionally a letter-carrier who has been thus employed for years naturally feels that he is above suspicion, and that he can filch with impunity. If these men only knew how competent the detectives are, they might be less eager to go wrong.

Exposing the Merton Case

by Edgar Daniel Kramer



INSPECTOR TRAILOR had just settled at his desk upon a bright June morning when the telephone at his elbow shrilled insistently.

"Headquarters," he answered hoarsely. "Inspector Trailor speaking."

As he listened expressions of startled bewilderment, surprise and wonder chased themselves over his florid features.

"Morning, chief!" Detective Conroy began as he breezed in cheerfully, but he paused as he saw how serious his superior was.

"More dirty doings, I'm afraid," Trailor announced as he hung up and eased his bulk from his chair.

"Where?" Conroy asked, instantly all interest.

"Up at Merton's," Trailor grunted. "Come along!"

"Merton's!" Conroy echoed.

Together they hurried out into the sunshine, hailed a taxi and started uptown. As they rode northward in silence they were doing a lot of thinking which had to do with the death of Tanser Walton just three weeks previous in the house to which they were now bound. In the midst of one of the revels for which Joe Merton, turfman, gambler and man-about-town, and his old house were noted, Walton had wandered into Merton's cubby-hole of a study and had his skull crushed. Although Trailor and his men had been working assiduously on the case, they could uncover no tangible clue to the murderer, who must have been a powerful brute, or as to the weapon with which he had felled his victim.

Investigation brought out the fact that there were eight persons in the party, four men and four women, including Tanser Walton, the actor, and Ruby Dawn, his dancing partner. There was a generous flowing of champagne, and the merriment became fast and furious. Walton left the table unsteadily and went down the hall to Merton's study ostensibly for cigarettes. He stayed away so long that Ruby remarked his absence.

"Booze has got your boy, I reckon," Merton laughed as he threw his arms about her shoulders. "Want me to fetch him?"

"Yes," she giggled, squirming from his embrace.

Merton staggered out of the room. His guests laughed in drunken abandon as they listened to him going down the hall.

"Hey, Walton!" Merton called.

There came silence.

"Walton!" he repeated. "Where are you, man?"

A moment later there came a choking cry, followed by the patter of running feet, and Merton burst in upon his guests as white as a ghost, but now perfectly sober.

"What's wrong?" they chorused, the liquor fumes clearing from their befuddled brains on the instant.

"Walton's dead!" Merton gasped.

The men started violently. The women bit their lips to keep back their screams.

"He's dead," Merton explained, "in my study in the big chair by the table."

The crowd moved toward the door.

"You girls better stay out of there," Merton advised. "He's an awful mess. His own mother wouldn't know him. His head's all bashed in."

Ruby Dawn sighed heavily, and would have fallen if Merton had not caught her in his arms and carried her to a couch.

"Attend to her, girls," Merton directed. "I'll have to let the cops know. Just stick around and sit tight. Everything will be all to the merry-merry. Poor Walton's done for good and proper."

That was what happened three weeks ago, and Trailor and Conroy were thinking of it, now that they had another call from the Merton house.

"What's the trouble this time, chief?" Conroy finally broke into Trailor's reverie.

"Can't say," Trailor replied, "but the woman who talked to me over the phone—said she was Merton's housekeeper—sure seemed all upset. Said something terrible had happened."

"Did she say what it was?"

"She didn't."

The officers dismissed their taxi and entered the ill-kept garden that fronted the old-fashioned, ivy-covered stone house in which Joe Merton lived. Birds were singing in the tangled shrubbery and dew was still gleaming on the grass and flowers. A white-haired, motherly woman rose from a porch chair to greet them with a sigh of relief as the officers of the law mounted the worn stone steps that led to the veranda. It was very evident that she was in a highly nervous condition.

"Are you the housekeeper?" Trailor asked.

She nodded and moistened her lips with her tongue.

"You called headquarters?"

"I called you," she whispered. "The phone I used is in the hall. I waited here, although I wanted to run away."

"What's the trouble?" Trailor queried.

"At five minutes to nine," she replied tremulously, "I arrived here. I went away last night at eight, as usual. I unlocked the door this morning and hurried down the hall. I can't go on!" she gasped. "See for yourselves, gentlemen. Examine Mr. Merton's study—the door at the far end of the hall."

Trailor and Conroy turned from the trembling woman and hurried down the shadowy hallway. They pushed open the door designated and stood staring wide-eyed. The room was low and small. The walls and ceiling were paneled with heavy squares of fumed oak. There were many pictures and prints typical of a certain kind of bachelor den. A little brick fireplace was set in the wall directly opposite the only window, through which the sunlight was now streaming. In the centre of the room was a massive reading-table. At the far end of this table Joe Merton lay sprawled in a low-backed chair, which completely filled the space between the table and the wall. His head was badly crushed. He was clad in blue silk pajamas, the right shoulder of which was badly torn. And huddled against the dark bricks of the fireplace, her flimsy garments badly ripped, her loosened hair tumbling about her like a cascade of golden waters, the detectives gazed upon the remains of Ruby Dawn. Between the two lay an army automatic, one chamber of which was empty.

"Walton," Conroy muttered, "and now the girl."

"And Merton," Trailor added. "Good riddance, though, all three of them."

"Looks to me," Conroy thought aloud, "as if Joe Merton toyed with one dame too many. He always was playing fast and

loose with the frails. How he got away with it so long is altogether too much for me. This kid wouldn't let him give her the go-by, I reckon. Looks to me, chief, as though she smashed him with her regards and then croaked herself."

"That sounds all right," Trailor mused, "except——"

"Except what?"

"Look here," Trailor answered. "Use your eyes. In the first place, there's no powder smudge about that girl's wound. That proves the gun was some distance from her when it was fired. In the second place, no woman could strike the blow that finished Merton. That would require an extraordinarily powerful man. In the third place, that shot was a bull's-eye. Merton had the reputation of being an expert with a revolver."

"Then you think?"

"Merton killed the girl."

"That's the question," Conroy muttered; "that's the question."

"And when we solve this riddle," Trailor went on confidently, "we'll know who croaked Walton three weeks ago in this very room."

It was learned that Merton and three companions, a man and two women, had attended the Midnight Frolic the previous evening. The quartette had danced at the Palais Royale until three-thirty. The officer on the beat had paused in his rounds to exchange pleasantries with Merton, when the latter had arrived home in a taxi a little after four o'clock. At seven-forty-five Merton himself, still in his evening clothes, had come to the door in answer to the postman's ring.

Thus it was firmly established that Merton died some time between seven-forty-five and eight-fifty-five, the time of the discovery of the bodies. Merton had changed into pajamas after the postman had gone. The torn coat lent color to the belief that the girl had struggled before she died. No one was seen to have entered or to have left the house of tragedy during that interval.

"This rather complicates things," Trailor grumbled. "Adds bad to worse. Who killed Walton? Did Merton murder Ruby Dawn? Who croaked Merton?"

"I still think the frail did him," Conroy kept saying after the bodies had been removed, "and then blew out her own brains."

"For argument's sake, admitting that she was strong enough to batter Merton up like that," Trailor answered, "where's the weapon?"

"She got him with the butt of the gun," Conroy replied, "or with that siphon under the table."

"No go!" Trailor snorted. "There wasn't much blood on either of them. She would have to strike him again and again to do what was done. That would be bound to leave traces."

"I reckon you're right, chief," Conroy sighed as he settled into the chair in which Merton had died. "This sure has me guessing all right."

"Get out of that chair!" Trailor snapped. "It gives me the creeps. I can see only dead men in it with their brains battered out. Ugh!"

"Are you serious, chief?"

"I am. Sit somewhere else. I'll feel better."

"Never knew you were superstitious," Conroy laughed as he rose.

"Forget it!" Trailor grunted. "Merton's at the bottom of all this," he continued, "or I miss my guess. He wanted Ruby Dawn. Walton was in the way. I think Merton removed him. How? He worked a game that we're not wise to. That night when he followed Walton into this room he had more than ample time to finish him. How?"

"That's what we're up against, chief. How?"

"Merton was a fickle cuss," Trailor went on. "I can imagine what happened here a little while ago. He was tired of the Dawn dame. He was getting ready to give her the air, but she couldn't see things that way. Perhaps she had done some figuring on Walton's going out. When Merton told her they had to break she pleaded with him first. That's usually the woman's way. He laughed at her. Then she let him know that she could spill the beans good and proper

if she wanted to squeal. Merton wised up to the fact that Ruby Dawn was onto his game. He couldn't stand for her holding a club over him. He had sense enough to realize that there would be no end to it. He thought fast and decided to shut her up for keeps. He'd pull the wool over our eyes again. That's how I think Merton figured it."

Conroy leaned forward, listening eagerly, as Trailor built up the crime from his imagination.

"I'm putting myself in Merton's place," Trailor explained to Conroy. "The woman evidently had him on the hip. If she squealed it would mean the chair. That was sure. If he killed her he had a fighting chance at least. She was clinging to him, pleading with him. He threw her off. That accounts for the torn pajama coat. He deliberately drew his gun from the table drawer. When she caught sight of the automatic she sprang back. She screamed. He fired point-blank, and she collapsed against the mantel, clawing at the bricks for support as she fell."

"But her scream and the report of the gun?" Conroy queried.

"This house is pretty far back from the street," Trailor explained. "The heavy early-morning traffic swallowed up any unusual sounds. She went down like this," he demonstrated.

He staggered away from the chair and the reading table, jumped back a step and fell heavily against the mantel, clinging there for a moment, then crumpling to the floor, clutching at the exposed bricks as he went down.

"That's about what happened," Trailor gasped. "That's the way——"

"Lord A'mighty!" Conroy ejaculated.

Trailor sprang to his feet. There came a splintering crash as a big square of the paneled ceiling descended and smashed the back of the chair to splinters. Then almost as quickly as it fell and noiselessly, too, the heavy block was drawn back into its place automatically by means of slender chains. Trailor and Conroy watched it in fascinated wonder as it trembled back into the ceiling.

"Lord A'mighty!" Conroy repeated.

"The release is this projecting stone," Trailor exulted. "That chair is so situated that it was under the impending weight. There is no escaping it. When that weight is sprung the individual in the chair is doomed. Devilish, I'd say! Imagine that when Merton found Walton seated in that chair in a drunken doze it was his chance to get rid of him and clear the way to Ruby Dawn. He took it. He hurried over here, pressed this brick, heard the weight sweep down, switched on the lights, and then went back to his guests, to all appearances completely horrified."

Conroy nodded.

"This morning Merton probably was desperate," Trailor continued his explanation. "Sitting there in that chair facing the possibility of exposure by the spurned woman, I infer that he forgot the death that hung over him. I fancy I can see him on his feet when he pulled the trigger of his gun. As the woman went down he tumbled back into the chair, staring at her, listening, waiting. Her falling body, life already snuffed out, bumped against the release in the mantelpiece. Too late Merton realized his danger. Before he could move the weight crashed down and gave him as good as he had given."

"Lord A'mighty!" Conroy breathed for the third time.

"I had a hunch about that chair," Trailor laughed nervously. "Suppose you had been squatting in it when I accidentally released that section of ceiling and it crashed down on the chair?"

"Lord A'mighty!" was all that Conroy could manage to say.

An Expert Criminologist

SIR BASIL THOMPSON was for eight years head of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard. During his recent trip to this country he was interviewed by representatives of nearly every publication interested in crime detection. Thompson is looked upon as a marvel in the British detective department, consequently his opinion carries weight. He said that "identifiers" frequently spring up in murder cases.

Amplifying this statement, he said that these "identifiers," who may be looking for notoriety or excitement or may be actuated by the restlessness of an unsettled brain, are more likely to exaggerate some small trifle which has come to their notice than to manufacture a completely false tale. He said murders often come "out" after a long term, even after years have passed. He recalled the case of Constance Kent, which came out after the passage of twenty years.

In this famous case a girl of fifteen murdered her little brother because she was jealous of him. The father was suspected but never convicted. After twenty years, when Constance Kent had become a Catholic, she confessed her crime to a priest and he persuaded her to go to the authorities with the confession. She did so and was convicted but was never executed.

"Women don't find it so easy to escape punishment for murder in England as in this country," Sir Basil said. "Men are much safer there than in this country as women are not considered within their rights when they kill their husbands because they are jealous of their sweethearts because they no longer care for them.

"But women are not executed any more in England," said Sir Basil, "and there is one kind of murder, infanticide, which is not uncommon and which usually arouses the sympathy of the public. More women are guilty of infanticide than any other kind of murder. Usually it is an unmarried woman who murders her infant, and while she must serve a prison sentence when proved guilty she is not as severely punished as for other murders."

Leaving out infanticide, England only averages between eighteen and twenty-four murders a year, Sir Basil said, which statement made several Americans who were present sit up in amazement. Of these perhaps six or seven go undiscovered at the time, although some years later the mysteries may come to light.

"In the case of poison it is rarely that the first case is discovered," he added. "The prisoner gets away with one person, but then he keeps on. The second time he is usually suspected and the body of his first victims exhumed, often leading to his conviction."

In this connection he referred to the case of an old English solicitor, who first poisoned his wife and then about two years ago sought to poison a young solicitor whom he had invited to afternoon tea. The arsenic which he managed to smuggle into the young solicitor's tea did not kill him but merely made him ill. Suspicion was aroused and the wife's body was exhumed, which led to the conviction and execution of the old solicitor.

Sir Basil said that in England the authorities are very averse to too much publicity for murder cases or criminal cases of any kind. It is thought to hinder the prosecution of the cases.

"For example, in a recent case—the Stanchfield case," he said, "a photograph was published in a newspaper which later made identification difficult. Our identification witness was assailed by the defense on the argument that the photograph in the

paper would have provided identification material.

"The English courts are opposed to having cases tried in the press. Newspaper publishers in several instances have been guilty of contempt of court for commenting on cases after an arrest has been made. Of course that does not apply to the Hall-Mills case, as no arrest has yet been made and until that is done the newspapers are free to publish what they will; in England as well as here. We recently had a case in England called the Bournemouth case where no arrest was made and there was much discussion.

Jealousy is the most powerful murder motive, Sir Basil said. But the personal equation must always be taken into consideration, as jealousy only inspires to murder in certain instances when there is a little twist in the nature that impairs self-control or exaggerates the wrong suffered out of all proportion.

He said that in England neither station nor wealth protect persons who have motives for committing crime from thorough examination.

"That is to say in generally going over a crime every one having any possible connection with it would be thoroughly examined," he added. "But if we expected to make an arrest we would not examine the person about to be arrested. It is not against the law to examine a person under arrest for a crime or one who is about to be arrested, but it is altogether against practice. If such a person were to be examined by the prosecution the fact would ruin its case.

"Only during the war was this principle set aside. Then we examined people who were about to be arrested suspected of being spies. Otherwise we never have had the third degree in England."

When he was asked whether he thought it possible for a person who had committed a crime to go through a trial without breaking, Sir Basil said he considered it perfectly possible for many people to remain perfectly calm through a trial for a crime in which they had participated without showing any sign that would lead to their discovery.

"Do you think a woman could do it?"

"Some women could," he said. "Such a woman as Mata Hari, for instance.

"The unwritten law doesn't go in England," he said. "In only one case, that of a bogus Count de Balch, has it figured. The bogus count, who really was a Polish Jew, had a great power over women. While in London during the war he won the regard of many women, among them the wife of an army officer who was at the front. The officer, coming home, found the count in his house and De Balch was killed. But the jury made it out that he was struggling to obtain the pistol so that he might kill the officer. The unwritten law, perhaps, played its part in this point of view."

Sir Basil said that although capital punishment appears horrible, he thinks it acts as a restraint to potential murderers.

Asked about Sherlock Holmes, he said that if he had ever followed the Holmes methods he would have probably arrested the Archbishop of Canterbury for some atrocious crime.

BREAK JAIL TO ESCAPE RELIGIOUS TRACTS

TOO many religious tracts and no other reading matter led to mutiny and a jail delivery in which eight men escaped from Brandenburg prison. Six were recaptured, one was shot dead as he escaped and the other succeeded in getting away.

The men had repeatedly protested against being furnished only with theological discussions and Sunday-school papers for reading matter, and were promised that they would be given other "mental nourishment" for which they had petitioned. But when on a certain Sunday local pastors arrived with another consignment of tracts the men, after tearing them up, bolted at nightfall.

The Web of Evidence

By D. L. RADWAY

PART TWO

CHAPTER THREE

PHILIP HANFORD

"SEND HANFORD!" said the chief of the detectives.

Detective Philip Hanford asked for and obtained the services of a man from the finger-print department, engaged a taxi, and started for the residence of William Marley.

When he came to the detective department three years before, Hanford had created a sensation on the day of his arrival. The sensation was not because he solved some deep mystery, but because he looked more like an overworked bookkeeper than a detective.

But Philip Hanford, for all of his quaint appearance and mild ways, had proved his worth. Now he was admitted to be the best man on the homicide squad.

"William Marley—think of that!" the finger-print man said.

"No use thinking of it," Philip Hanford said. "When we get there we'll find out all about it. If he's been murdered, it will be up to us to find the murderer. That's all there is to it."

Philip Hanford yawned and looked through the window at the wet streets. The rain had ceased, but everything was dripping.

"It's a bit cooler," Hanford observed.

"Say, do you realize who it is that's been shuffled off?" the finger-print man wanted to know. "William Marley! One of the richest men in town."

"What about it?" Hanford asked. "Probably easier to find the murderer of a rich man than of some poor devil nobody knows. Stop fussing about it. Wait until we get there."

The finger-print man grunted and clasped to his breast the box he held. If you asked him, Philip Hanford wasn't human. He never got a bit excited. You couldn't impress the man. They called him "the common-sense detective."

That nickname had been given him a year or more before, when he had solved a particularly puzzling murder case and had declared to the newspapers that there had been nothing to his work except the application of common sense to the knowledge he had acquired concerning the crime.

Hanford's method of work was uncanny, according to the other men in the department. He waited until all the fuss was over, and then he pointed out some little thing that nailed his man. The little clues that other men overlooked were the ones upon which Philip Hanford built his success and his reputation.

The taxicab reached the Marley residence, and Hanford and the finger-print man entered quickly. They found a doctor there and a man from the coroner's office and old Evans with a white face. Hanford looked at the doctor and the coroner's man and raised his eyebrows.

"Stabbed through the heart," the doctor reported. "Death was instantaneous. Nothing has been touched. A glance was enough to assure me that Mr. Marley was beyond help."

Hanford followed them to the door of the library, and the others stood in the hallway and allowed him to enter alone. Watching Philip Hanford at work was nothing to give a person a thrill. He approached the body, looked at it from a distance of four feet

away, then glanced around the room. He noticed the open window and walked over to it. He leaned out and flashed his electric torch on the floor of the veranda, and came back into the room again.

Once more he looked at the body, once more he glanced around the big room. Then he took a glove from his pocket, put it upon his right hand, grasped the hilt of the knife, and withdrew it from the wound.

He grunted to the finger-print man, and the finger-print man understood. He approached the table, opened his box, and began working on the knife. Philip Hanford looked around the room again. On the floor, some six feet from the body, at the edge of the rug, was a gold cigarette case.

Hanford carefully picked up the cigarette case and carried it to the table. Engraved across the face of it was a name—Carleton Pendum!

Then he went back to the hall entrance and explained that he wished to talk in the small reception-room at the front, and that they would leave the finger-print expert to do his work. The doctor, the coroner's man, and old Evans followed him.

"What has been done?" Hanford asked.

"I sent the servants to their quarters, sir, called the doctor, and sent word to the country place, where Miss Dora went this afternoon. This is terrible, sir!" Evans replied. "I have been in his service for more than twenty years. He——"

"Softly!" Hanford instructed. "Let us get at this thing right. Who discovered the crime?"

"I did, sir," said Evans. "Mr. Marley had two visitors this evening. After the last visitor left he did not call for me, and that was unusual. He generally had me prepare medicine for him at a certain hour."

"Medicine?" Hanford asked.

"He had a bad heart," the doctor explained quickly.

"No question but what that knife caused death?" Hanford asked.

"None whatever," the doctor replied.

Hanford grunted again and motioned Evans to be seated. The old butler sank into the nearest chair, and Hanford looked him over carefully.

"Now, we'll get at it," he said. "Go ahead with your tale."

"Why, I went to the library, sir, and knocked. There was no answer, and that surprised me. I opened the door and peered in, and I—I saw him, sir."

"Just as he is now?"

"Yes, sir," said Evans. "I rushed inside, and I saw the knife in his breast, and that he was dead. I—I must have screamed, sir, for some of the servants came running from the rear of the house. Then I sent them back, telephoned the doctor, and sent word to the country place."

Hanford glanced at the doctor.

"I notified the coroner and the police," the physician said in answer to that glance. "Nothing has been touched."

"As far as I am concerned, the body may be removed at any time," Hanford told the coroner's man. "But be careful that nothing else is disturbed. Now, butler——"

"Evans, sir."

"Thank you. Now, Evans, we'll go back a bit. You say that Mr. Marley had two visitors this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who were they?"

"The first was Mr. Roger Simmonds, sir, and the second Mr. Carleton Pendum."

"Who are they?"

"Both have positions in Mr. Marley's office, sir. Mr. Roger Simmonds is of an old family. I believe that his father and Mr. Marley were great friends. His father died poor, and Mr. Marley looked after Mr. Simmonds."

"And this man Pendum?"

"An employee of some sort at the office. I believe that Mr. Marley thought a great deal of his ability."

"Mr. Simmonds called first?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Marley was all right before he called?"

"Yes, sir," said Evans. "But he had been in a temper, sir, all day. He went to the office at nine o'clock, but he returned about noon. Miss Dora was here then, sir, and they had a scene about something. He ordered Miss Dora to go to the country place, and she went by motor."

"Know what the trouble was about?"

"No, sir. If I may say so, sir—though it seems dreadful to say it now—Mr. Marley was something of a tyrant in the house, and often rebuked Miss Dora for breaking some little rule he had made, though he loved her deeply."

"Very well. What time did Mr. Simmonds call?"

"At eight, sir," Evans answered. "Mr. Marley had told me that he was to call, and for me to show him to the library immediately. And Mr. Pendum would call a little later, he said, and he gave me the same instructions regarding Mr. Pendum."

"That's all he told you about it?"

"Yes, sir. When Mr. Simmonds called I admitted him myself. The second man is ill, and I had excused him for the evening. I directed Mr. Simmonds to the library."

"Anything said?"

"Mr. Simmonds asked after Mr. Marley's health, and I remarked that he was having a fit of temper."

"Wasn't that rather an impertinent remark for a servant to make to an outsider?"

"Pardon me, sir, but Mr. Simmonds is almost like one of the family—like a son. It is my impression, sir, that a marriage was intended between Mr. Simmonds and Miss Dora."

"All right! Go ahead with your story," said Hanford.

"Mr. Simmonds remained about twenty minutes, I should judge, sir. Then he came out. I heard him wish Mr. Marley a good night's rest, sir. In the meantime Mr. Pendum had called and was waiting. Mr. Simmonds and Mr. Pendum met at this doorway, sir. I—I was a bit afraid of a scene, and so I hurried to get Mr. Simmonds's coat. But Mr. Pendum hurried down the hall to the door of the library."

"Why were you afraid of a scene?"

"Mr. Simmonds and Mr. Pendum do not like each other, sir, I have observed. I believe, too, that Mr. Pendum has been paying a great deal of attention to Miss Dora, and Mr. Simmonds did not like it."

"So Pendum went to the library?"

"Yes, sir, and Mr. Simmonds left the house."

"How did Simmonds act?"

"Why, about as usual, sir. He seemed a bit huffy to find Mr. Pendum calling, but he greeted him respectfully."

"He didn't seem excited, or anything like that?"

"No, sir."

"Evans, you didn't happen to accidentally overhear any of the conversation between Mr. Marley and Simmonds, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Haven't any idea what Simmonds was here about?"

"Not the slightest, sir. He often calls of an evening. But this was business, I am sure, sir. Mr. Marley used to have one of his young men up here now and then in the evening and outline special work he wished them to do, I believe."

"I understand. Get ahead with your story."

"As Mr. Simmonds prepared to leave the house, sir, Mr. Pendum went directly to the library, entered, and closed the door. I walked along the hall a few minutes later, and I heard high words, sir."

"From whom?"

"From both of them, sir. I hope that you will not think that I eavesdrop on my employer, sir. They were talking so loudly that I could not help hearing."

"Talking about what?" Hanford snapped.

"I gathered, sir, that Mr. Marley was telling Mr. Pendum that he did not wish Mr. Pendum to pay further attention to Miss Dora. Pendum—he used some harsh language, sir. I heard him declare that he had been insulted, and that he would not work for Mr. Marley any longer. And I heard him say distinctly, sir, that he would endure no more abuse, even from William Marley!"

"He said that, eh?"

"He did, sir. And a moment later he came tearing into the hall, sir, slamming the door of the library behind him. He shouted for me to get him his hat and coat. 'I want to get away from this accursed house!' he exclaimed. He grasped his hat and coat, jerked the front door open himself, and

hurried out to the curb, where a taxicab was waiting for him."

"Exactly! And he was in such a confounded hurry," said Detective Philip Hanford, "that he left his cigarette case behind. Where is the telephone?"

"There is one right here, sir," Evans said.

A moment later Detective Philip Hanford was using it. He was telephoning headquarters to have Roger Simmonds and Carleton Pendum picked up as soon as possible and brought under police escort to the Marley residence. Then he went to the library and held a whispered conversation with the finger-print man.

CHAPTER FOUR

CAUGHT IN THE WEB

THERE was no doubt that Simmonds was a finished actor. Detective Philip Hanford watched him carefully from behind the portieres as Evans told him of the tragedy. Simmonds appeared to be horrified. He said just the right things, and he did not overdo his excitement or horror.

Then he was ushered into the reception-room and told to wait a moment, that an officer wished to question him, and Hanford stepped out and consulted the detective who had picked Simmonds up and conducted him to the house.

"Where did you find him?" Hanford asked.

"At his club. He was playing billiards with some of his friends. He expressed surprise, but came willingly enough."

"Act peculiar?"

"Not a bit," answered the detective. "He seemed to be puzzled, but that was all."

"All right!" Philip Hanford said.

He went to the reception-room and introduced himself to Simmonds and sat down before him, while the other detective stood in the doorway. Evans and the doctor were excluded from this interview.

"This is terrible!" Simmonds was saying. "I do not seem to be able to realize it. Poor Mr. Marley! He has been like a father to me. This will almost kill Miss Dora."

"Sudden death always is terrible," Hanford said softly. "I must ask you some questions, Mr. Simmonds. In a case like this we try to get at the facts as quickly as possible."

"I understand," Simmonds replied. "I'll gladly answer your questions, sir, if I can aid in bringing Mr. Marley's murderer to justice. But I do not know that I can be of much help."

"You called here this evening?"

"At eight o'clock, sir."

"And remained?"

"About twenty or thirty minutes—not longer than half an hour. I saw Mr. Marley in his library."

"Then you left?"

"Yes, sir, and returned to my club. It was there that the other officer found me."

"You went directly to the club?"

"Yes, sir."

"Taxicab?"

"No," said Simmonds. "I walked from the club to the house and walked back after my interview with Mr. Marley. I believe the doorman at the club could tell you what time I returned there, sir."

"I see. When you left Mr. Marley he was all right?"

"Yes, sir. He was in a bit of a temper, if you will pardon me for saying so."

"How do you mean?"

"He was angry when I came," said Simmonds. "Something had displeased him. Evans, the butler, whispered to me that his master was having a fit of temper."

"Angry at you?"

"I must confess," Simmonds replied, "that he was displeased with me. But he must have been angry at something else, too. As soon as he had finished with me I left, telling him that I hoped he would get a good night's rest and be himself again. It was just a mild rebuke, sir, for which I am sorry now. It was the last word I spoke to him."

"Care to tell me why he was angry at you, and what he wanted with you here?" Hanford asked.

"I suppose it would be best, sir, though I

hope you will keep it confidential if it has no bearing on the murder."

"You may be sure of that."

"Very well," said Simmonds. "I—I am like a lot of other young men, I suppose—want some fun now and then. My father and Mr. Marley were great friends, and Mr. Marley has done everything for me. It was rather understood—though nothing had been settled—that I was to marry Miss Marley."

"I understand."

"And I—I have been a bit wild, I suppose. I believe that Mr. Marley had some private detective watching me. He called me here last evening and remonstrated with me. He had learned that I had been gambling at the club. He rebuked me for my conduct, and I promised to behave myself in the future."

"How did he take that?" asked Hanford.

"He seemed much pleased, sir," replied Simmonds.

"You parted in a friendly manner?"

"Absolutely, sir. I gave him my word to do better, and that pleased him, sir. I could tell by the way he acted. He was trying not to show it. It was something that had nothing to do with me, I presume, and naturally I did not question him."

"Meet anybody as you were leaving?" Hanford questioned.

"Mr. Carleton Pendum was waiting to see Mr. Marley. He went to the library as I left the house."

"Speak to him?"

"I believe I wished him good-evening. We—we are not on very good terms, sir."

"How does that come?"

"We never did like each other, it seems," Simmonds admitted. "And Mr. Pendum has been bothering Miss Dora with his attentions, I believe. He seemed to dislike me because I am more prominent socially, and, I suppose, because he thought Mr. Marley wished to see me married to Dora."

"Any idea what Pendum was doing here?"

"No, sir. He works in the office. He might have been summoned on office business," Simmonds replied.

"Very good," answered Hanford. "You'll go to the room adjoining, please, and wait there for me. I expect to interview Mr. Pendum. He has arrived, I think."

Simmonds arose and bowed and stepped into the next room. Philip Hanford looked after him. Simmonds had carried himself well, and he knew it. He did not make the mistake now of grinning or looking relieved. He seemed to be shocked by his employer's death.

Hanford ascertained that Pendum had arrived and had him ushered into the reception-room. He spoke with the man who had brought Pendum in.

"Where did you find him?"

"At his rooms, Hanford. He seemed to be a bit dazed—nervous as the deuce. He scarcely could talk—either angry or scared. And his waistcoat and the bottom of his dress shirt are soiled with crimson stains."

"Um—thanks!" Hanford hurried into the reception-room and sat down before Carleton Pendum. Pendum had been made acquainted with the tragedy, and he seemed to be shocked also. He was nervous, as the officer had told Hanford, and his face was the color of ashes.

"This is a terrible business, Mr. Pendum," Hanford said. "I sent for you because I was informed you had called here this evening. In fact, I believe you are the last person known to have seen Mr. Marley alive. Are you ready to answer my questions?"

"Yes," Pendum mumbled.

"I believe that you reached the house a little after eight. Mr. Simmonds was closeted with Mr. Marley, and you were forced to wait a few minutes?"

"Yes."

"Then you went into the library?"

"I did."

"Tell me what happened there, please."

"We—we had a scene," Pendum admitted.

"Do you care to tell me about it?"

"It is necessary, I suppose. Mr. Marley was very angry with me—and unjustly so. I—I love Dora Marley. Mr. Marley had noticed that I was paying her a great deal of attention. He told me that I was all

right in his business, but that he did not care for me in his family."

"That made you angry, I suppose?" Hanford asked.

"It made me furious," Pendum replied frankly. "He as good as called me a gutter pup! I tried to reason with him, but that could not be done. He would hear no argument. Both of us grew furious."

"What was the result?"

"I told him that I would not continue in his employ. I told him that I had been insulted enough, that I would endure no more. Then I left him."

"You did not kill him?"

"Good heavens, no! What would lead you to believe such a thing?"

"You quarreled with him," said Hanford. "You were furious at him, you admit."

"But I would not have harmed him for the world. Though he was unjust, he was Dora's father, you see."

"I see," said Hanford. "This is yours, I believe?" He took the cigarette case from his pocket, handling it carefully. It had been wrapped in tissue paper by the finger-print men, and Hanford removed enough of the paper so that Pendum could identify it.

"Yes—it is mine." Pendum's face wore an expression of bewilderment.

"It was found in the library near the body," Hanford declared.

"Found in—— I—I never left it there!"

"It looks rather bad, Mr. Pendum."

"I—I remember now. I was lighting a cigarette when Mr. Simmonds came from the library and Evans said I could go in. I had put the cigarette case down on the table. I—I do not like Simmonds, and I hurried down the hall to the library. I must have left the cigarette case on the table. I have not missed it."

"Then you have not wanted a cigarette from that time until this? You do not smoke much?"

"It isn't that. I was terribly upset. I hurried back to my room and was pacing the floor. I never thought of smoking. So I never missed the case."

"How do you suppose it came into the library?"

"I do not know," Pendum replied. "I am sure that I left it on the table."

Detective Philip Hanford was silent for a moment. Then he stepped to the door, called the finger-print man, and summoned Simmonds from the adjoining room. Simmonds and Pendum glared at each other.

"Gentlemen," Hanford began, "the murder was committed with a heavy, sharp paper-knife. On that knife finger-prints have been developed. I am going to ask you gentlemen to let this man take your finger-prints for the purpose of comparison."

"Certainly!" Simmonds said promptly.

"I—I——" Pendum began stammering.

"What is the trouble with you?" Hanford asked.

"I handled that knife," Pendum declared. "I was playing with it when Mr. Marley began talking to me. My finger-prints must be all over it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Hanford.

"But I did not kill him!" Pendum protested.

"How about that crimson stain on your waistcoat and shirt?" asked Hanford suddenly, pointing accusingly.

Pendum looked down, aghast. He had not noticed it before. He wore a dark waistcoat and Tuxedo, and on the top of the waistcoat was a dried stain. On the edge of the shirt, just where the waistcoat covered it, was another telltale stain.

"I—I——" Pendum gasped in astonishment.

"Pendum, you murderer!" shouted Simmonds.

"Don't you call me that!"

"Quiet—both of you!" Philip Hanford commanded. "We'll take the finger-prints now."

Save for Pendum's heavy breathing there was no sound in the little room. The finger-print man did his work swiftly and well and then went out into the hall again. Hanford followed him and handed him the cigarette case.

"Take care of all the evidence," he directed. "Let me know as soon as you have made the comparison."

Hanford stepped back into the room. Simmonds and Pendum were sitting oppo-

site, their hatred of each other showing plainly in their faces.

"We seem to be getting down to the bottom of things," Hanford remarked. "I always have said that no man can commit a murder and get away with it forever. There is always a clue left behind. Sometimes it is an obvious clue, such as that cigarette case. Sometimes it is a little thing that a man might overlook while making an investigation. The most careful criminal makes his little slip and is caught."

"I never killed him!" Pendum said again. "Why, I—I couldn't do such a thing!"

"Of course you never killed him, Carl," said a soft voice at the door.

The three men were upon their feet instantly. Dora Marley, just returned from her father's country place, stood there. Though they could see that she was suffering, yet she was calm. Hanford offered a chair, and she seated herself.

"I have been listening," she said. "Mr. Hanford, do not make this terrible thing still more terrible by accusing an innocent man of my father's death."

"My dear Miss Marley, I have accused nobody yet," Hanford replied. "When I do accuse a man he will be the guilty one. I have merely pointed out the obvious clue. Mr. Pendum visited your father, had a quarrel with him, left the house unnerved. Your father was found dead, and beside the body was Mr. Pendum's cigarette case."

"Carleton Pendum could not have done this," she declared. "He is an honest, sincere man. I quarreled with my father this morning because he ordered me to see no more of Mr. Pendum, and I declared that I would not obey him. He sent me to the country place, and said he would tell Mr. Pendum that he must keep away from me. I obeyed my father and went to the country place, thinking that it would all come out right in the end."

"And Pendum killed your father, Dora!" Simmonds exclaimed. "That is the kind of man he is! The evidence——"

The finger-print man came to the door and beckoned Hanford. The detective excused himself and hurried into the hall, and those in the reception-room were quiet for a time. Then Detective Philip Hanford returned; he sat down and looked at all of them in turn, as though trying to read their thoughts.

"We have examined the knife, and we have examined the finger-prints of Simmonds and Pendum," he said. "We fail to find any finger-prints on the knife except those of Carleton Pendum."

Dora uttered a cry of horror.

"Of course you found my prints," Pendum said. "I was handling the knife, I remember, as Mr. Marley talked to me. In my anger I gripped it and cut my fingers. You can see the cuts. That accounts for the stains on my shirt and waistcoat. I didn't kill him! Can't you believe me?"

"We have the obvious clue," Hanford replied. "Your finger-prints are on the knife with which Mr. Marley was slain, your cigarette case was found beside the body, you had quarreled bitterly with the victim. You had the motive, the opportunity!"

There was silence for a moment. Here was an innocent man caught in a web of evidence that might destroy him. Simmonds would have smiled had he dared. Everything was perfect. He had left Mr. Marley in peace, according to Evans, and Pendum had left him in anger—afterward. The finger-prints on the knife, the cigarette case—they were enough to convict Pendum!

"He never did it; never did it!" Dora Marley declared. "I would stake my life on his innocence."

Hanford watched her carefully, and then he watched Pendum again as the latter was comforting Dora Marley. Then he glanced at Simmonds.

"While we are at it let's make the evidence as conclusive as possible," Hanford remarked. He took from his pocket the cigarette case, which the finger-print man had returned to him.

"Pendum, in the presence of witnesses you admit that this cigarette case belongs to you?" he asked.

"Yes. My name is engraved on it."

"You can identify it, Miss Marley?"

"Yes," she replied. "I have seen it hundreds of times. But it means nothing to me. I know Carl is innocent; I feel it."

"I am afraid that a jury would ask for something stronger than that," Hanford said quietly. "Now, Mr. Simmonds——"

"Sir?"

"Can you identify the case also?"

"No," Simmonds replied. "I don't believe I ever saw it before."

"Take a good look at it," Hanford said, putting it before his eyes.

Simmonds pretended to look at it carefully. "It is an ordinary gold case," he said, "with Carleton Pendum's name engraved in script across the face of it. But when you come right down to it, I can't declare that it is his. I never saw it before."

"Never saw it before?" Hanford questioned.

"I am sure of it, sir," Simmonds replied.

"Then how does it happen," Detective Philip Hanford asked suddenly, "that your finger-prints are on it?"

There was a moment of silent tension, and then Simmonds sprang to his feet.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Your finger-prints are on it," Hanford repeated. "Both yours and Mr. Pendum's. It is natural that his should be upon it, but how could yours be there if you never saw the cigarette case before?"

"Some mistake," Simmonds said, fear suddenly clutching at him.

"Finger-prints do not lie!" Hanford replied. "The cigarette case lay beside the body where a detective would be sure to find it. But, as I said before, a crook always makes some mistake. Well, Simmonds!"

But Simmonds, being made of weak stuff, collapsed now that the crisis had been reached. His brain seemed shocked. He muttered a few phrases that meant nothing, and then Hanford and the others caught some low, coherent sentences.

"I—I must have picked it up—before putting on my gloves," Simmonds mumbled. "I remember now—I put on my gloves—after I got outside."

Hanford nodded to the detective in the doorway. Handcuffs snapped on the wrists of Roger Simmonds. The sound, the feel of them completed his unnerving. A moment later he was babbling his confession.

And fifteen minutes later Hanford was going back to headquarters in the taxicab with the finger-print man.

"Very simple case," he was saying. "Very simple; nothing to it, in fact!"

(*The end*)

A NEW SERIAL

THE MYSTERY MAN

By JOE BURKE

Begins In Our Next Number

WATCH FOR IT!

CRIMINALS TELL ALL IN "TWILIGHT SLEEP"

CRIMINALS can be forced to tell the truth while under the influence of scopolamine anesthesia or, as it is better known, "twilight sleep," according to Dr. E. E. House, Ferris, Tex., who has asked indorsement of the Medical Association of the Southwest for a proposed experiment on a thousand prisoners in the Leavenworth Penitentiary to demonstrate his theory.

Doctor House has been experimenting with the anesthetic five years, he told members of the association, and declared he had tried the "twilight sleep" method of securing evidence on a number of alleged criminals and others in his own State, and "had never failed in any attempt to rob the mind of its stored truths."

The anesthetic does not produce a voluble condition, he said, but at its most potent stage questions can be propounded and, "without failure as yet, answers have been forthcoming."

"If the 'twilight anesthesia' were properly recognized and used for the purpose suggested," Doctor House continued in his address, "many injustices would become impossible."

Soon after reading his paper on the subject he was elected one of the vice-presidents of the association.

To Weigh the Human Soul

DR. HEREWARD CARRINGTON, research officer of the American Psychical Institute and Laboratory, who recently returned from England, is making preparations to "weigh the soul of a human being" and to photograph the "astral body."

The doctor brought with him several "spirit photographs" from England, where he was engaged in what he described as necessary preliminary experimentation. The spirit pictures were made by William Hope, London experimenter and spirit photographer.

Doctor Carrington is one of several scientific investigators who are inquiring with an open mind but a wary eye into the claims of the new school of spiritualists and psychic students who have discovered ectoplasm, peered into the mysteries of certain manifestations of the life they are certain continues after death and who have given varying pictures of the spiritual planes to a wondering and sometimes credulous world.

He was formerly a well-known English magician, familiar with all the tricks and frauds of alleged mediums and clairvoyants, and consequently valuable in detecting fakes. His services were obtained originally for the American Society of Psychical Research by the late Dr. James H. Hyslop, its president, formerly of Columbia University.

Dr. Carrington became secretary of the society and assistant to Doctor Hyslop, in which capacity he was able to unmask and expose many mediumistic fakers.

The investigator is probably best remembered, however, as the manager of the late Eusapia Paladino, the Italian woman medium he brought to the United States and whom he at first accepted as wholly reliable. Despite the fact that it was he who unmasked some of her tricks, he issued a part defense of her after her death four years ago. He declared then that she had unquestionably been possessed of remarkable occult powers, but that she had sometimes tricked when her manifestations did not come about "naturally," giving false as well as genuine seances.

Science, Doctor Carrington explains, is obliged to take note of the fact that psychic phenomena and spiritism have flourished and made great strides since the war, claiming such noted converts as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, both of whom have written and lectured extensively on these subjects.

Certain proponents now declare that the soul is no longer intangible, no longer an invisible consciousness. It is regarded as a vapor with the tangibility and visibility of other vapors. Therefore, it must have weight, even if infinitesimal. And, if it has weight, why cannot it be weighed?

It was this scientific query which was raised by Doctor Carrington himself, and it is he who will attempt to answer it. Dr. Allerton S. Cushman, noted Washington chemist, is to assist Doctor Carrington.

One of the first experiments to be undertaken by the two scientists will be the photographing of the astral body of a cat. From the Indian and other Oriental philosophies, cults and systems of metaphysics has come the theory of the astral body, that something which is described by the term "personal consciousness," which is believed to emanate from the body during sleep and to be lost to the individual until it returns when the sleeper awakens and regains his consciousness and personal identity.

The cat experiment is expected to be an interesting forerunner of the experiment.

If this experiment proves successful the same experiment will be performed with a human subject.

Last of the Gangsters

By CAPTAIN JOHN O'BRIEN

(Concluded from No. 127)

A ROSY-CHEEKED young man, with a pleasant smile, showing a white, regular set of teeth under a brown mustache, and possessing a heavy but rather soft voice, quite unlike the regulation growl of the typical old-fashioned metropolitan police officer, succeeded "Old Jerry" Petty, the martinet captain of the Sixth, in 1884. This was "young" Captain McCullagh, so called to distinguish him from his father, also a police captain, and he seemed not a very terrible new broom to sweep such a precinct clean. Most of his brief captaincy, in fact, had been passed up in the rural districts of High Bridge, where he commanded the mounted police.

He sat down to study the precinct, and though Billy McGlory's dive and a score of lesser dives, with all kinds of opium joints, Chinese, American and mixed, were in full blast, he decided that the Whyo gang was the worst thing in the precinct.

The social propensities of Whyodom enabled the police to securely set the net. It was learned that there was to be a Whyo ball on the night of Thursday, October 9, 1884. The ballroom was in the very elbow of "the Bend," No. 33 Mulberry street, the heart of the worst block in New York. There was later an Italiana ristorante on the first floor, front, of the building. There was then an Italian saloon there with a dance hall in the rear.

All went merry as the night before Waterloo that evening.

There was no guard outside to sound the call, and toward midnight "Red" Riley was sitting out a quadrille to relate to "Bridgeport Lou," who had just sunk to the Bend from the Empire, Haymarket and other gilded dives of lordly Sixth avenue and took something of a slummer's interest in his narrative, the tale of his latest defiance of "de cops an' de little new captain" in perfect peace of mind.

There came a sudden rush of feet through the saloon outside. "Red" Riley stopped in the midst of his story and leaped to the back window, raised it, put one foot over the sill and fell back upon the floor. A night-stick had struck him square between the eyes. The swarm of ununiformed policemen pouring through the front door, it seemed, was supplemented by an equal number in the yard behind the ballroom in "the Bend." "Bridgeport Lou's" lady-like scream at the discomfiture of her cavalier was drowned in the vigorous viragoish yells and oaths of the Molls and Beazies and Brocky Lizzies to the Bend manner born. The lights went out, and in the darksome tumult was heard distinct familiar sounds; the clatter of stolen watches, thrown hastily to the floor. Six of these metal evidences of their guilt were found there next morning.

Twelve Whyos, none of them big ones, were the net proceeds of the new captain's first venture. A day was taken to look over their records and find the prosecutable charges against them. Red Riley had one of robbing Henry Stanley, of No. 9 Pell street, who related the other half of the interrupted story in the Tombs Police Court. "Tim" Sheehan was credited with assisting in the rescue of a prisoner. Similar charges were found against others, sufficing to give six of them six months and the others from ten to sixty days apiece.

"Either the Whyos or I must go from this precinct," said the new captain as the captives filed out en route to the Island.

But the Whyos, though somewhat surprised, were quite undaunted. Even while the captain was speaking they were passing from hand to hand, to prevent identification, a watch one of them had stolen from an Italian prisoner who had the misfortune to be penned with them.

Then began the war, which only ended five years after, when Owney Bruen, the last of their leaders, gave vent to the miserable, despairing cry, "The police are hounding me!" Driscoll might have made the same complaint with feeling if not justice, for in the next two years or less he was locked up twenty-seven times. In the year 1886, the last one of his civil life, Policeman Early impaired his prestige and made himself a terror to the gang by administering a good, sound, all-round clubbing, which laid him up for days.

But the war was a war and not a mere "pacification." Patrolman Cottrell's leg was broken in one skirmish. Patrolman Adams was ignominously imprisoned in the doorway of No. 33 Park street while burglar McCormick escaped. Patrolman Lyons had worse luck and was thrown down a flight of stairs when he chased a gang into a hallway. A brick thrown from a roof at Pearl and Park streets broke Patrolman Drafton's jaw. Patrolman Rankin got a bullet through his helmet as he paced his beat one night at Duane and Centre streets. Danny Lyons, who out-Whyoed even Driscoll and Lavelle, by a strange savagery, which found expression in the gentle pastime of biting off the tails of barroom cats, looked higher than a mere patrolman, and assaulted Roundsman Shields with a loaded cane.

Night-stick and nippers were getting the upper hand all the time, but the Whyo at bay developed constantly in savagery. This was shown on the occasion in 1885, when "Beazie" Garrity first made manifest to the police the same quality of devotion to the gang which shows a kind of burlesque, distorted pathos about her taking off.

There had been some kind of Whyo larks on the roof of No. 9 Mulberry street. In the course of them one of the belles of "the Bend" was pitched off the roof and picked up a writhing, gasping bag of broken bones, which soon became a mangled corpse. It was intentional. It was a Whyo joke—much such an example of facetiousness as in circles where the world would hardly call polite would be the pulling of a chair from the place where some one had intended to sit down. "Beazie" had been the girl's only feminine companion on the roof. Captain McCullagh thought to terrify her into "squealing" by locking her up with the men of the gang for three days.

But the bold, dark-faced girl remained as dumb as an oyster, and when he let her out and sought to coax her into admission her refusal to criminate might have been the result of the schooling of a Tombs lawyer, so perfectly evasive was it. So the captain gave her up with the not necessarily inspired prophecy that she would come to a bad end, and the roof murder was unexplained and unavenged.

To the end she went, having successfully protected the gang from the consequences of one murder, trying vainly almost with her dying breath to protect its leader from the consequences of another—her own—to the end that was coming quicker than the prophet dreamed; to the end that was to be the beginning of the end of the wild dance of death in which the Whyos pirouetted in the flame and smoke of their own pistol muzzles in a wild murder craze to their separate dooms; to the end of the night of terror in Whyoland.

Again and again has been told the story of the murder of the hot morning of June 26, 1886, when the king and queen of the Whyos came up Hester street lolling in their chariot of state, a "night-hawk's" crazy hack, to execute royal, if drunken, justice upon the rebellious lord of Castle McCarthy.

What was characteristic of the Whyo leader was the adroitness of his flight—his last desperate effort to double on the police, on whom he had so often doubled before.

Leaving the bleeding body of the queen lying in the lodging house hallway where he had meant to leave the body of his old Pell street enemy, the Whyo king ran through the steaming streets, just growing

gray with the early dawn of the summer solstice.

It was a short sprint to his home at No. 128 Baxter street, and every step of the way was quickened by the echo of the foot of some new pursuer. Into the house he plunged and up the stairs. On came police and ward detectives after him. No sign of the murderer in No. 128. Then to the roof the chase mounted, through the scuttle and down through the scuttle of the roof of No. 126. There lay "Apple Mag," Driscoll's mother, in bed. She sleepily denied any knowledge of her son's whereabouts. A man's hat and coat, the sweatband of one and the lining of the other, both wet with perspiration, belied her.

Out on the fire escape and thence through the window back into No. 128 the chase by some happy inspiration followed. There in his room lolled the Whyo leader in his shirt sleeves, surprised at the officers' intrusion, but denying all knowledge of the cause of his arrest.

It was the last but one of his quick-witted strokes for safety—that clever double back into the house which the police had searched and, as he thought, would not search again.

Doggedly he stuck to his line of defence that McCarthy had slain the girl in shooting at him instead of his having killed her in shooting at McCarthy. Prop after prop was knocked from under the flimsy structure. McCarthy's revolver was given up immediately after the shooting, with every chamber loaded and no evidence of discharge and reloading. Then the girl herself, persuaded by relatives—for "Beazie" was the black sheep of an honest Sixth ward family—or by the priest to tell the truth, even at "Danny's" expense, withdrew before she died her ante-mortem statement against McCarthy.

Still, with a wondrous sense of dramatic consistency, he took his part of a persecuted Robin Hood of the slums—an impulsive, misguided, merry lad, whom the injustice of the rulers of the land had driven under the East Side greenwood. Owney Bruen was his faithful Friar Tuck, cheerfully acting out his part in the labored lie, and perjuring himself picturesquely in his fatuous belief in his leader's lucky star.

That was in the autumn of 1886. Death was not staring him in the face as yet. Death had to do with others of his band ere it should have time to call for him in the jail yard on a winter morning fifteen months afterward. Death, violent death, had made a tryst with the inmates of the house where he lived, where he sought to hide, whence he was led to prison, and, strange to say, it left him till the last.

Love, Whyo love, was behind his hatred of "Poll," though "Kid" said that the kicking of his shins by the burly "Poll" and an unpleasant allusion to a recent incarceration on Blackwell's Island were the causes of his deed. "Kid" thought best to conceal his motive, because he had a wife and two children living at No. 11 Pell street, and the wife was not the woman who had told "Kid" of Sullivan's attention to her during his stay on the island. No, it was "Brocky Liz" Gallagher, another black ewe of a Sixth ward fold. She it was who, as his widow—for he married her on coming out of prison—mourned with a fierce, revengeful grief the final sequel of the tale she told "Kid" of "Poll's" false friendship.

It was a common-place murder enough externally, this which had so strong a touch of nature in its hidden recesses. A pistol shot at Leonard and Centre streets, at half-past seven o'clock on the night of November 29, 1886, a little more than two months after Driscoll's conviction. No one knows who did it at first, though there is a crowd around the bleeding, big body and chilling, hook nose of Poll as he lies on the pavement. Then an officer snatches "Con" Rice, finds a pistol on him, extorts the reluctant confession that "Kid" Hunt, who was with Owney Bruen, shot "Poll" and ran away, intrusting the pistol to "Con."

Then all the echoes of the night about the Points are loud with the confident assertion that "Owney gave him de gun," but no evidence, not a shred, beyond "Con" Rice's extorted admission, that anybody had given him the "gun." Then the police drag-net is set and "Poll's" body made ready for burial.

Then was there seen in Whyoland a bit of warm, pure, human feeling. "Poll" had been a practical joker. A "dead all-around kidder," the neighborhood called him, and he had "kidded" the button work girls so long that when he was gone they missed him. He used to stand on Centre street as they flocked up to their work at Canal and Elm every morning with anxious glances at the *Clipper* clock. Then "Poll" would snatch their dinner baskets to delay them and dodge the sound cuffs which they aimed at his ears, while a shower of Sixth ward badinage filled the air. Sometimes he would vary this formula by uncaging the morning occupant of a neighboring cigar store's rat trap amid their hurrying ranks and thus hasten their screaming flight up Centre street as much as he had delayed it the day before.

Thus "Poll" Sullivan's "kidding" and the exchange of chaff which followed it grew to be quite the event of the day with the button work girls. On the morning of November 30 their shrill chatter was hushed as they hurried up Centre street, particularly as they passed the corner of Leonard. Then it broke out approvingly as some one said, "Girls, let's get him some flowers." So on the big, good-natured rough coffin, as he lay in his namesake Sullivan's undertaking rooms, there was laid that night a wreath, the tribute of the button work girls, who mourned that they should be "kidded" no more.

Five years for manslaughter was "Kid's" sentence. He would have gone scot-free had it not been for his own damaging admissions.

Then another inmate of the royal household of No. 128 Baxter street stepped into the mazes of the Whyo dance of death. The wildest Whyo figure of them all was this—that of "Danny" Lyons, not "Stable Gang Danny," then lying with Driscoll in the Tombs for the murder of Quinn, the athlete, but "Whyo Danny," the biter, stabber, gouger, amputater of the tails of Five Points barroom cats. Danny trod a drunken, carmagnolish measure down Worth street one summer morning in 1887—trod it to No. 199, between the Points and Chatham street, Dan Murphy's saloon. The pavement in front of it was consecrated by the blood of one Whyo, "Sass" Suggero, dead from the blow of a "bungstarter" administered by a mutinous subject in Whyoland.

But Danny, full of Five Points whisky, danced over the ill-omened pavement; danced after the new cat, which flew with a yowl, as if mindful of the fate of her predecessor; danced the bartender into the back room; danced the bottles off the shelves; danced howling for the blood of Dan Murphy.

"Why-oh, Why-oh," shrilling no longer in the darkness of Five Points' hallways. Shrilling rather in the darkness of the night's Plutonian shore. Oh, they were making rare preparations in the shades for the coming of the prisoned chieftain in the Tombs. "Poll," the court jester, and Danny, the boldest knight of the Whyo round table of Chatham street, were there, ready to greet his ears with the familiar cry when he came.

He was coming fast. August 16, 1887, Daniel Lyons was buried. December 2 Daniel Driscoll was led forth to receive his death sentence after an appellate court had affirmed the verdict of the previous year.

The window of the cell had by loosening the stone been enlarged almost enough to allow the passage of a man's body. In another day the Whyo chief would have been free to grasp the rope which the band were ready to throw over the Elm street wall, and he and "Stable Gang Danny" Lyons, who was in the plot with him, would have made one last dash for liberty. It was undoubtedly his wife whose place "Beazie" had taken when he was the king, who had taken Beazie's place when he was the captive who brought him the disguise and the saw.

He rewarded her for her devotion. Rewarded her and her mother, too, "Apple Mag," with whom he had hidden after so many of his escapes. The day after he took McCarthy's medicine, they fell a quarreling in his presence—the wives and mothers of Whyoland are more remarkable for warmth than refined of feeling—over the

disposition of his body. Tired of their squabbling at last he turned and said:

"You fool, neither of you'll git it, do you see?"

Such were the last words of the Whyo king, or rather the last veritable expression of his character. What he said afterward was mere gallows yard formulæ just before his execution.

McCarthy's medicine was taken on January 23, 1888. If it had been taken on January 24 its recipient would have had to be carried to it. The grip of the law broke his moral vertebra before the hemp broke his neck.

A shattered and disorganized band of bandits was Owney Bruen left in charge of, whom neither the fiercest of "hummers" nor the sight of his late majesty's brown derby hat, which he had willed to his successor, could cheer. Nor could his high example of cajoling into self-sacrificing perjury a luckless lad who had given him a stolen watch to dispose of raise their spirits.

A few months after Driscoll's end he was sentenced to nine years and five months for assaulting a German grocer in City Hall place who had refused to "lend" him money.

This was the last sentence on a Whyo for a crime committed under the organization. The Hallissy brothers, William and Thomas, when they were arrested for killing their brother-in-law, Thomas McLaughlin, in East Eighty-sixth street, were simply recognized by the police as members of the old gang who had, like "Kid" Hunt, strayed far up town. When Captain Brooks, Captain McCullagh's successor, made the arrest of the Harringtons and Dennis Sullivan for "Kid's" murder, his clue was on the recollection of "Poll" Sullivan's taking off and the fact that Dennis had been known to blame the death from grief of his father and sister on "Poll's" slayer.

So the cry of the children of the Points, children of the Tombs, is stilled! Only from the throat of their Mintonaur—the grim, gray monster crouching there in the flare of the gusty Centre street lamps—can it come.

Cry of the night birds of the slums! Boot and saddle and to the standard call of crime! Silent in death! Silent in shame!

"Why-oh! Why-oh!"

USED WOODEN LEG TO ROB

A HIGHWAYMAN with one leg was sentenced the other day by Judge Mulqueen in General Sessions to from ten to twenty years in Auburn Prison. He refused to give the authorities the name of his one-armed companion who assisted in the hold-up of John Kikel of 45 Allen street in the Bowery on August 14 last. The prisoner was John Rozwell of 189 Allen street.

The one-armed man and the one-legged man agreed to combine their efforts so as to overcome the handicap of a loss of one of their members. They did effective co-ordinated work, but they overlooked the fact that the one-armed man could not lend the one-legged man a leg with which to escape after the hold-up. It was in consequence of this failure that Rozwell faced Judge Mulqueen recently.

Kikel came out of a restaurant at 110 Bowery to be met by Rozwell, who knocked him down with a blow of his wooden leg. Before Kikel could scramble to his feet the one-armed man struck him over the head with his wooden arm. Then the pair robbed him of $11.

"You deserve no mercy," said the judge. "You have capitalized your deformity and you have even come into court thinking your physical handicap would be an instrument in mitigating your offense. You have been a terror to the community in which you have lived for years, and if I had my way you would go back to the country where you belong."

A Smuggler's Museum

AT Scotland Yard, London, there is an almost unknown museum full of the significant and sometimes ghastly objects which have aided in the commission of great crimes. Probably the police of most great capitals have made similar collections. At the Custom House there is believed to be a room in which are kept a selection of the most curious aids to smuggling—hollow cheeses, boxes with false bottoms and the like—which have been seized in the possession of persons of undoubted ingenuity but of shaky honesty. In Paris there is a similar but probably much more interesting museum, since the existence of the octroi duties which are levied upon a great variety of articles induces a good many people who in other regards are probably honest enough to endeavor to defraud the revenue.

Here are kept some scores of the most clever devices of professional or amateur smugglers which have from time to time been seized at the barriers of the city or at the custom houses throughout the country.

What appears at a casual glance to be a block of Carrara marble is really a painted sheet-iron box. It arrived at the frontier in a train from Italy, along with five similar ones. A curious depression upon one of these blocks aroused the suspicion of a douanier, and upon examination the trick was discovered. The boxes were filled with ballast to make them heavy, and at the bottom of each lay $5,000 worth of Venetian lace. A pile of innocent-looking logs of firewood, such as are burned in Paris, were found to be hollow metal tubes, covered with the bark of trees and filled with dutiable liquors.

Here is a pile of four dozen ordinary soup plates. There is nothing in the least suspicious about the top and bottom dozens, but the twenty-four plates in the middle form one deep vessel with two dozen projecting rims, and when the adroit little arrangement was seized this vessel was full of contraband brandy. A coffin dispatched from Marseilles and bearing a railway label has a curious history. During the epidemic of cholera at Marseilles, several coffins were continually passing the barriers of that city, and the officers respectfully uncovered as each coffined victim of the pestilence was solemnly wheeled past on a hand-cart. The fear of infection lulled their suspicions perhaps, but when the cholera was stamped out and still the coffins did not diminish in number, it was resolved to pluck out the heart of the mystery. The next coffin that arrived was opened, and was found to be crammed with choice cigars.

Perhaps the most daring scheme for cheating the Parisian city chest, of which the museum contains evidence, was elaborated by a gentleman who was in the habit of driving his elegant victoria every evening past the barrier at the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne. He was always accompanied by a smart groom, who slumbered peacefully upon the box while his master drove.

Shortly afterward—sufficiently long to allow the gentleman to make the regulation "tour du lac"—the carriage would return; and the official became so accustomed to its passage that they ceased to examine it, and the owner drove back into Paris on a smart trot, courteously returning their salutations with his whip. That smart trot was his undoing. One evening the victoria ran into a heavy wagon and master and groom were thrown out. Monsieur was picked up insensible, while from a deep wound in the head of the groom slowly trickled a stream of champagne. The interesting menial was composed of zinc dexterously fashioned and painted; and he has found a resting-place in the smugglers' museum. The carriage was found to contain a zinc "well," which was likewise full of champagne.

Strange System of Prison Signs

INCIDENTS that must necessarily follow from intercommunication often happens in penitentiaries, where the rules are rigid and surveillance so close that a convict is never from under the eye of a guard. No matter to what extreme the rule prohibiting conversation between convicts may be enforced, they find some means by which to inform themselves of what is going on or what is to occur. But, more than this, a convict may conceive the idea of escape or revolt, and for him to communicate it to one he wishes to have as an accomplice is not difficult. They bring others into the plot or plan until twenty or thirty know it, in the details for the carrying out of which each is assigned his particular part. This necessitates a thorough explanation of minutiæ and calls for a system of communication for which a limited use of signs would not answer. The system, whatever it is, involves no doubt an elaboration of signs, aided whenever chance offers the means of written communication.

The secret use of the latter means for expressing ideas and purposes will not account for the completeness of information convicts obtain of what takes place in prison walls, for, whether anything occurs in the office or the most distant part of the prison, within fifteen minutes there is not a convict who does not know all about it. Penitentiary officials have tried again and again to obtain even a clue to the system, but they are no nearer a solution than when they first began to investigate the matter. They know there is a system, and that it rests on signs, but whether on those made with fingers, eyes and lips, or the bringing into play of other features, or whether it depends on all together, they do not know. Prisoners, to curry favor with the officials, often tell them what they have learned from other convicts. They go to especial trouble at times in exposing plots, and are ready to reveal everything except the means by which they learned the facts. No convict has yet given the slightest suggestion which would lead to the discovery of the secret that has defied the shrewdest detectives.

"I have seen," said an ex-prison official, "two convicts, six feet apart, facing each other. They did not utter a word, nor could I discern the slightest movement of the lips or eyes, yet I knew they were communicating something. They gazed at each other for a minute or two before I had a chance to interfere, but I am satisfied that the one told the other all he wished to tell. Three or four of them will be standing around a stove or together in other places of the prison, and yet with sufficient distance between them to lead one to think that they have nothing in common, but while there is not the least sign of conversation observable they are talking to each other in their own way."

Attorney General M—— relates an incident or two showing the perfection to which the convicts have carried their system of conveying information among themselves. On his first visit to Jeffersonville to look into the matter of Jack Howard's shortcomings as warden of the southern prison, he was sitting in the office of the prison one afternoon when the deputy warden or some other subordinate asked him if he did not wish to go through the shops.

It was something he did not expect to do, but accepting the invitation, they passed through the inner gates, crossing the first cell rooms, out into the courtyard and across that directly to the shoe factory. They were not three minutes in going, nor did they stop anywhere until they reached the factory. The attorney-general had gone but a few feet into the room with the prison officer, when a convict stepped up, and asking the latter if he could speak to the gentleman with him, said, on permission being given him, "You are the attorney-general?"

"Yes," was the only reply of that officer.

"Your name is ——?"

"Yes; but how do you know that? I have never seen you before."

"That is true, nor did I ever see you until now, although I am from Shelby county."

He then went on to tell who he was, where he lived in the county, and what he had done to bring him into the penitentiary. But the convict gave the attorney-general further cause for wonder by telling him that he knew of his reaching the city the day before, how many visits he had made to the prison and for what purpose.

Leaving the shoe factory, the attorney-general and prison officer went into another room, separated from the first by an intervening room, and with neither of which could any person in the third have direct communication. Here Mr. —— was approached by another convict, who told him about what the first had done, except he asked him to see the governor in his behalf.

Going to the foundry, which is a considerable distance from the shoe factory, the third convict came up to the attorney-general the instant he entered the room. This man had the identity of the visitor and the cause of his coming to Jeffersonville as accurately as the other two. He also wanted a pardon. On their way to another building the prison official said to Mr. ——: "Every convict who cared to know had all information about who you are and why you have come within a few minutes after you came inside the prison door. The convicts have no privilege of writing or speaking to each other, but so perfect is their system of communicating with each other that in forming plans to escape they can agree on time, leaders, methods and signals. But there is always some convict who, though not in the plot, learns all about it, and tells the details to the officers.

"Investigation always brings to light enough incidents to convince us that their plans are being formed constantly. Just after Warden Patton took charge three plans of uniting were discovered and thwarted in one day."

Warden Patton once had occasion to order the punishment of a convict for infraction of the rules. The convict, without the knowledge of his fellows, was taken to a distant part of the prison where there was not a sign of any one being near enough to learn what took place. But three minutes afterward every convict of the many hundreds there knew not only the punishment, and the kind, but why, and by whom, and at whose orders it was inflicted. An ex-prison official said recently: "Not long ago I took a convict to Michigan City. I reached the prison about 8 o'clock in the evening, after all the convicts had been locked up in their cells. No one knew of my being there but the officer in charge at that time of night. I did not stay longer than five minutes, but, turning over my prisoner, I went to the hotel and to bed. When I came down to breakfast the next morning there was a messenger from the prison, stating that such and such a convict wanted to see me. A half dozen in all wished to have me come to them. How they knew I was there nobody knows. Prison officials are constantly seeing the effects of communication among the convicts, but cannot detect the system."

TELLS OF SPIRIT GOING

BEFORE he lapsed into unconsciousness, William Hawley Smith, author and educator, who died in Peoria, Ill., the other day, told the Rev. B. G. Carpenter that his mentality allowed him to analyze separation of the spirit and the body.

According to the Rev. Carpenter, Smith claimed that he could feel the changes taking place in his body. During the last stages of separation, the dying man said his mind could not stay concentrated on one subject.

Smith recited Whitman's poem, "Assurances," which deals with the thought that everything is provided.

Smith requested that there be no black at his funeral and that no friends view his body.

Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

1 "The Eel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughty.
3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
9 "Mr. Bachellor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by C. F. Oursler.
13 "Under a Mask," By Crittenden Marriott.
14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by C. F. Oursler.
17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by R. Ingalls.
18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29 "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith S. Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by B. Poynter
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieut. Robt. W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "The Sanctuary," by Wm. H. Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Chas. F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura R. Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by William H. Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by B. Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by E. Rosemon.
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by Wm. H. Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by C. Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by C. F. Oursler.
64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by W. Osborne.
65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
66 "The Clue of the Dark Room," by H. Craigie.
67 "The Tongue of Osiris," by Marc Edmund Jones.
68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by E. Rosemon.
69 "The Spirit Bell," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. H. Osborne.
72 "The Canine Clue," by Thomas J. Lally.
73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Anderson.
74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
75 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
76 "The Spirit Witness," by Chas. F. Oursler.
77 "The Little White Room," by Edmund Jones.
78 "The Stolen Year," by Edmund Elliot.
79 "The Affair at Hollywood House," by W. Kofoed.
80 "A Keyless Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie.
81 "Professor Satan," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
82 "Who Killed McNally?" by Beulah Poynter.
83 "The Clue of the Whorl," by Katherine Stagg.
84 "The 'Czar' and the Ring," by Edmund Elliot.
85 "The Clue of Flame," by Jack Bechdolt.
86 "The Face in the Crowd," by Edmund Jones.
87 "The Man in Room No. 7," by Chas. F. Oursler.
88 "Four Ten-Dollar Bills," by Henry G. Howland.
89 "A Challenge to Power," by Dr. Harry Enton.
90 "The House Next-Door," by Captain Howard.
91 "The Trance Detective," by Chas. F. Oursler.
92 "Friday at Twelve," by Katherine Stagg.
93 "By the Left Hand," by Hamilton Craigie.
94 "The Melody of Death," by Jack Bechdolt.
95 "The Trick of the Great Yen How," by William Hamilton Osborne.
96 "At Moriarity's," by Fred S. Shuey.
97 "The Lost Star of the Films," by Jack Bechdolt.
98 "Counterfeit Clues," by Chas. F. Oursler.
99 "The Cross," by W. S. Ingram.
100 "The Secret Service Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie and Elliot Balestier.
101 "A Crimson Price," by Elliott Lester.
102 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by G. Jacobs.
103 "A Museum Mystery," by Jack Bechdolt.
104 "The Little Red Book," by J. Alexander Young.
105 "A Man from Siam," by Chas. F. Oursler.
106 "The Clue of the Emerald Ring," by B. Poynter.
107 "Hell's Hinges," by Hamilton Craigie.
108 "The Wolf," by Katherine Stagg.
109 "The Brass Button," by Jack Bechdolt.
110 "A Whispering Mummy," by Chas. F. Oursler.
111 "Trapping the Jewel Smugglers," by B. Poynter.
112 "The Missing Evidence," by Harold F. Podhaski.
113 "A Clue by Radio," by Capt. Jack Static.
114 "The District Attorney's Secret," by C. Oursler.
115 "A Man From Headquarters," by H. Craigie.
116 "The Girl in the Case," by Carl Glick.
117 "A Scientific Detective," by D. G. McDonald.
118 "Number Nine Queer Street," by Jack Bechdolt.
119 "Trailed by a Private Detective," by Gottlieb Jacobs.
120 "The Mouse Trap," by Edith Sessions Tupper.
121 "A Radio Mystery," by Capt. Jack Static
122 "The Clawing Death," by Beulah Poynter.
123 "A Master of Millions," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
124 "The Secret of Room 13," by Hamilton Craigie.
125 "Six Months to Live," by George Bronson-Howard.
126 "Seals of Wax," by Jack Bechdolt.
127 "When Crooks Conspire," by Harold F. Podhaski.

If you cannot procure any of the numbers you want from your newsdealer, send us the price, ten cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail them to you postage free.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York City, N. Y.

Our Ten-Cent Hand Books

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject.

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK. — Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS. — The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT. — The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instructions for the use of dumbbells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 8. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST. —By Harry Kennedy. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instructions for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; or, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. — It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY. — A complete hand-book for making all kinds of candy, ice-creams, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 17. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS. —Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty mechanical tricks. Fully illustrated.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL. — One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY. — A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH. — The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with description of game and fish.

No. 23. HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS. — This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days.

No. 26. HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT. — Fully illustrated. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating.

No. 28. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.—Every one is desirous of knowing what his future life will bring forth, whether happiness or misery, wealth or poverty. You can tell by a glance at this little book. Buy one and be convinced.

No. 29. HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR. — Every boy should know how inventions originated. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc.

No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE. — Containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES. — A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, back-gammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS. — Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated.

No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK. — Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER. — Containing a varied assortment of Stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK. — Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES. —A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated.

No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE. — Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

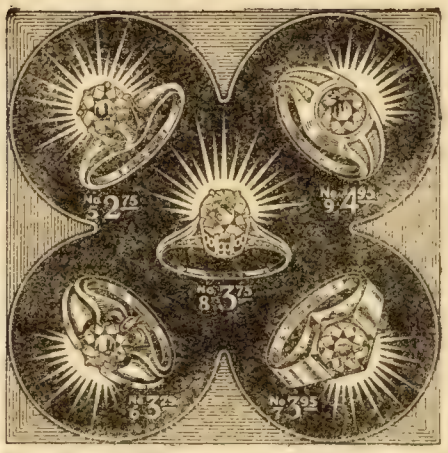
No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS. — A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS. —Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. Illustrated.

No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS. — A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, in money or stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.
166 West 23d Street, New York City



If you can tell this wonderful ring from the Genuine Diamond, send it back:

These beautiful **"CORONA"** Diamonds positively match the genuine diamond. The same glitter, the same dazzling rays of live rainbow fire (almost) defying lifetime experts. Stand the diamond test. No. 5 & 6 mounted in 12 and 14 karat gold shell. No. 7, 8 and 9 come in massive plat. finish. **Unconditionally guaranteed for 20 years.**

Wear a "CORONA" Diamond 7 days FREE

You risk nothing. Just order by number, ring desired, size shown by strip of paper and to end around your finger joint.

SEND NO MONEY When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with post-office. If you decide not to keep it within 7 days, send it back, and every penny of your money will be immediately refunded.

FREE To introduce these wonderful "Corona" Diamonds we will give **absolutely free** your choice of **solid gold front cuff links or solid gold mounted scarf pin or ladies bar pin** to those ordering two rings or more.

MANUFACTURERS SALES COMPANY

104 Fulton St. Dept. M-L New York

MORPHINE

New Home Treatment

Send Stamp for Book of Information

DR. QUAYLE'S SANITARIUM

MADISON, OHIO. DEPT. S 15

URIC ACID

Does NOT Cause Rheumatism!

Furthermore, I claim that Uric Acid is a **NATURAL** and **NECESSARY** constituent of the blood—that it is found in the body of every new-born babe—that without it we could not live! Strange statements? Yes—to you, perhaps, because you have always been told differently.

But my book, "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism," just published, tells you the real truth about Rheumatism. Tells what actually DOES cause it and how it is now being successfully treated in all its different forms and stages by entirely new, advanced scientific methods.

The writing of this unusual book is the result of my twenty years' study, experimentation and research in this disease and I want every sufferer of **RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, GOUT,** etc., no matter in what form or how chronic to read it. Therefore, although valuable, I will gladly send one complete copy only of the book absolutely free if you will send your address or that of any sufferer you may know, plainly written, to

H. P. CLEARWATER, Ph. D.

1324-C Water St., Hallowell, Maine

HELP WANTED — FEMALE

Earn $20 weekly spare time at home, addressing, mailing music circulars. Send 10 cents for music information, etc. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, New York.

GENUINE GERMAN MAUSER

Latest Model 9 shot automatic. Shoots standard cartridges—lies flat in the pocket—**$12.95.** 32 cal. **$13.95** — World's famous **Luger** 30 cal. **$20.75**— **Hand Ejector Revolver,** swing out cylinder 32 cal. **$16.95** 38 cal. **$17.95.**

Half pre-war prices

$12.95 25 cal.

All brand new latest models—**guaranteed genuine imported.**

Pay on delivery Plus Postage

SEND NO MONEY

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Promptly Refunded

25 cal. Pocket Automatic	$6.95	Military Trench Automatic, 32 cal. 10 shot, extra magazine FREE. Just like you used over there.	$11.65
25 cal. Blue Steel Army Automatic	8.45		
32 cal. Army Automatic	10.45	Imported Top Break Revolver, 32 cal.	8.65
Officer's Automatic, 8 shots, 25 cal.	11.95	38 cal. Top Break	8.95

Universal Sales Co., 141 Broadway, Dept. L4 New York

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 to $500 EACH paid for hundreds of Old Coins dated before 1895. Keep ALL old or odd money. Send 10 cts. for New Ill's Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have valuable coins. Get Posted. We pay cash.

CLARKE COIN CO., Ave. 13, Le Roy, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn Big Money Travel Big Demand

Experience unnecessary. We train you. Write

AMERICAN DETECTIVE SYSTEM,

1968 Broadway New York City

Be a Detective — Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 959 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Are You Lonesome? Write Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Fla. Stamp Appreciated.

PERSONAL

ASTROLOGY REVEALS—2,000-word trial reading 25c. Two questions Free. State birthdate. **PROF. AUDREY, Desk H, Departmental Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.**

MYSTIC EGYPTIAN LUCK RING

Good Luck, Long Life, Health and Prosperity are said to come to those who wear the Egyptian Luck Ring. Cleopatra is said to have worn one of these rings to protect her from misfortune. Many people wearing them today claim they bring power and success to men—charm, admiration, and love to women. **This guaranteed Sterling Silver Egyptian Luck Ring** is of unique design and beauty. Send strip of paper for size. Say whether ladies' or gents'. **Cash $1.45; C. O. D. $1.55. Order today.** Money back if not pleased.

EGYPTIAN GEM IMPORTERS

651 Maxwell St., Dept. 158, Chicago

$2500 REWARD

For the Capture of An Unknown Man

Twice he had entered the St. Clair Mansion. What was he after? Who? What was in danger?

Berteau, the famous detective had warned St. Clair ***that the mysterious marauder would come again.*** And now—a noise in the passage! The creak of an opening door. A shot in the dark! A capture!

Is this wounded stranger the mysterious intruder? Who could tell? Yet Berteau identified the man without hesitation and won the $2500 reward.

How did he do it? Easy enough for the Finger Print Expert. He is the specialist, the leader, the *cream* of detectives. Every day's paper tells their wonderful exploits in solving mysterious crimes and convicting dangerous criminals.

Why don't You be a Finger Print Expert?

More Trained Men Needed

The demand for trained men by governments, states, cities, detective agencies, corporations, and private bureaus is becoming greater every day. Here is a real opportunity for YOU. Can you imagine a more fascinating line of work than this? Often life and death depend upon finger print evidence—and big rewards go to the expert. Many experts earn regularly from $3,000 to $10,000 per year.

Learn at Home in Spare Time

And now you can learn the secrets of this science at home in your spare time. Any man with common school education and average ability can become a Finger Print Detective in surprisingly short time.

Free Course in Secret Service

For a limited time we are making a special offer of a ***Professional Finger Print Outfit, absolutely Free,*** and ***Free Course in Secret Service Intelligence.*** Mastery of these two kindred professions will open a brilliant career for you.

Write quickly for fully illustrated free book on Finger Prints which explains this wonderful training in detail. Don't wait until this offer has expired—mail the coupon now. You may never see this announcement again! You assume no obligation—you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Write at once—address

University of Applied Science
Dept. 1473 1920 Sunnyside Ave. Chicago, Illinois

UNIVERSITY OF APPLIED SCIENCE
Dept 1473, 1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:—Without any obligation whatever, send me your new, fully illustrated, FREE book on Finger Prints and your offer of a FREE course in Secret Service Intelligence and the Free Professional Finger Print Outfit.

Name.....

Address.....

Present Occupation..... *Age*.....

ELECTRICITY

Needs You To Boss Jobs Like This

Be a Certificated Electrical Expert EARN $3500 to $10000 a Year

Some Features of My Course That Have Revolutionized Home Study Training

1. Practical Instruction—no useless, high-sounding theory.
2. Free Electrical Outfit—Finest outfit ever sent out for home experiment.
3. Free Employment Service.
4. Free Consulting Service.
5. Free Engineering Magazine.
6. Free use of my Electrical Laboratory.
7. Extra Courses Free—Radio—Electrical Drafting.
8. Spare time work—Special earn-while-you-learn lessons.
9. Reduced prices on all Electrical Supplies.
10. Cash Refund Guarantee Bond.

These features are all explained in my big Free Book.

IT'S a shame for you to earn less than $100.00 a week when trained Electrical Experts are in such great demand. You ought to get more. You can get more.

Cooke Trained "Electrical Experts" earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions. Get into a line of work where there are hundreds and hundreds of opportunities for advancement and a big success.

What's YOUR Future?

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss the Big Jobs—the jobs that pay up to $10,000 a year.

Age or Lack of Experience No Drawback

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough and successful in existence, and offers every man regardless of age, education or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

I Give You a Real Training

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning $3,500 to $10,000. Many are now successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you, too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid to me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

FREE—Electrical Working Outfit—FREE

I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also supply them with Drawing Outfit examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish. You do PRACTICAL work AT HOME. You start right in after the first few lessons to work at your profession in a practical way—make extra money while you learn.

Get Started Now—Mail Coupon

I want to send you an Electrical Book and Proof Lessons both FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in coupon—NOW.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer Chicago Engineering Wks.
Dept. 1443, 2150 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer Chicago Engineering Works

Dept. 1443, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs—Send at once the "Vital Facts" containing Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

BE SURE TO READ

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players.

PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY

The Best Film Magazine on Earth

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS-STANDS.

Magnificent Colored Cover Portraits of Prominent Screen Performers!

32 PAGES OF READING **OUT EVERY FRIDAY**

Each Number Contains Portraits and Biographies of Actors and Actresses—Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screens—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios—Lessons in Scenario Writing—Poems, Jokes and every bright Feature of Interest in Making Moving Pictures.

THIS LITTLE MAGAZINE GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THAN ANY OTHER SIMILAR PUBLICATION ON THE MARKET.

Its authors are the very best that money can procure; its profuse illustrations are exquisite, and its special articles are by the greatest experts in their particular line. No amount of money is spared to make this publication the very best of its kind in the world. Buy a copy NOW from your newsdealer, or send 7 cents in money or postage-stamps, and we will mail you, postage free, any issue you desire.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York City